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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	685	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (<i>continued</i>):		REVIEWS:	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Birds of the Field.—III. By Edmund		Provençal Song	700
Words, Words, Words at Washington	688	Selous	697	Thirty-nine Articles	701
The Portuguese Play	689	Trial Eight and the New Style in		The Moral of Jena	702
The Crosby Hall Impasse	690	Rowing	698	NOVELS	702
Science in the Body Politic	691	VERSE:		NEW-COMERS AMONGST THE QUARTER-	
THE CITY	692	Her Laugh. By John S. Vaughan	696	LIES	703
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		CORRESPONDENCE:		FRENCH REVIEWS OF ARCHÆOLOGY	
"Sarah's" Memoirs. By Max		Shaw and Shakespeare	698	AND ART	704
Beerbohm	693	Lewis Morris and Antonio Fogazzaro.		SUPPLEMENT:	
Rubens, Delacroix, and Mr. John.		By Algernon Warren	699	A Christmas Book for Parents	iii
By Laurence Binyon	694	An Author's Portrait. By C. Reginald		Jock of the Bushveld	iv
Gypsies and Gypsying.—I. By		Enock	699	Tales of Adventure	iv
Theodore Watts-Dunton	695	Parsimony in Education. By Frank J.		Some School and Sea Stories	vi
		Adkins	699	Intended for Girls	vi
		M. Sabatier and the Franciscan Con-		Fairy Stories and Others	vii
		vents. By M. Carmichael	699	The Romance of Things	x
		M. Lebaudy and the Pekin Syndicate.		Miscellaneous	x
		By Thos. Gilbert	700		

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"As before" pretty well sums up President Roosevelt's Message to Congress; so that though the Message was of even more than the usual great length, its merits can be settled without many words. As the President says the same things again, how can one avoid the same criticism? but we need not imitate by saying the same as before and more of it. Pious, often unexceptionable, platitude is the staple; but for new light one looks in vain. His attitude to railways and corporations, to currency, to labour, we all know of old. There was wisdom in his remark that tariff policy must vary with circumstance—policy is not absolute theory—but it was unfortunately the preamble only to nothing. He is strong on his ships; keen as the Kaiser to give the States a high place amongst naval Powers. No doubt it is hypercritical to expect a Message to be stimulating, any more than a King's Speech; but it need not be an interminable bore. Some Presidents' Messages have not been.

The omission of all reference to the anti-Japanese question in California coincided with the recall of the Japanese Ambassador from Washington. The recall of an ambassador is conventionally the signal of alarm; and it is part of the same convention that the recalling Power should deny any significance in the move, and assure the world that the relations between the two Powers are friendlier than they have ever been before. Outside a circle of perhaps three or four men no one can know what a move of this kind does mean. It is not difficult in this case to suggest reasonable explanations of retirement, unassociated with friction between Japan and America. Viscount Aoki is not so young as he was, and may wish for rest. At the same time there are reports that he was not at all to the taste of the

Japanese in America. The Japanese-American question is, of course, by no means done with.

Some mystery surrounds the new crisis in Zululand, and very wisely the Natal Government are not making too much of their case public. That there is serious unrest and that Dinizulu is in some way implicated is clear. It would appear that the Colonial Government regards him as guilty of fomenting trouble and that he has offered to take his trial at Pietermaritzburg if they will afford him facilities for travel. The answer to this was the proclamation of martial law in Zululand, the mobilisation of the colonial reserves, and the despatch of a strong force to Ginginhlovo under Colonel Mackenzie. The ever-present fears of a general native rising in South Africa account to some extent for the decisive action taken by the Natal Government and the immediate offers of assistance from Cape Colony and the Transvaal. If the danger is to be stamped out by prompt measures there should be little occasion for alarm.

It is useless to attempt to balance the accounts from Morocco. On the one hand France is said to have had further encounters with the tribesmen on the Algerian frontier and to have administered sharp punishment: on the other Mulai Hafid is advancing from Marrakesh either on Fez or Rabat—there is a delightful uncertainty about every movement reported—and the tribes are said to be rallying to his standard. One correspondent states that the negotiations for the release of Kaid Maclean have reached a satisfactory point: another that there is no chance whatever of his release at an early date. All that is certain about the Moorish situation is that anarchy spreads each week, that the French only establish their hold on strategic points by sharp fighting, that the Pretender is gaining ground whilst the Sultan is unable to move against him, and that the insurgents strike impartially at the French and the adherents of Abd-el-Aziz. It is hardly strange that uneasiness is increasing among the coast towns.

Politics more than patriotism seems to account for the use the German National Liberals are making of



the affairs of Count Molke and Harden and Count Lynar and Count Hohenau, whose names were so prominent in the recent trial. These two officers are now to be proceeded against, and yet Dr. Paasche has stated in the Reichstag that he has in his possession compromising letters, and he refers to rumours in the army as if they were evidence of whatever is alleged against these officers who are yet to be tried. The excuse made by Dr. Paasche for raising these questions, and of Herr Basserman, his leader, for criticising the pending prosecution of Herr Harden, is that the Government have been showing an intention to hush up the scandals in the army and to cover Counts Hohenau and Lynar. In fact, they have been over-eager to find fault; and instead of making an unnecessary display of matters which at their best distress all Germans, they should have left them to the Courts.

There is reason for thinking that the National Liberal party is working off its disappointment and anger against the Government by stirring up these matters to prejudice it. They have found out the truth of what was predicted at the time of the elections, that they are not so influential with the Government as part of the bloc as they fancied they would be. They are for increasing direct as against indirect taxation to meet the increased needs of Imperial finance; and their Conservative allies are determinedly opposed to them in this as in most other domestic matters. The National Liberals are Cobden and Bright men; and it seems pretty evident that in the state of German opinion Prince Bülow could not offend the Conservatives for the sake of pleasing the National Liberals.

It was thought probable at the end of last week that a really impossible position would be created: and the various sections of the bloc be too hostile to each other to enable Prince Bülow to rely on their support. There was even talk of a possible dissolution of the Reichstag and the retirement of the Chancellor, and this was no doubt part of the means by which Prince Bülow was bringing the parties of the bloc to a sense of what they were risking. The result, after much disorder in the Reichstag, a good part of which was caused by Centre and Socialist rejoicing over the politic quasi-reconciliation of their adversaries, has been the re-establishment of working arrangements between the Prince and the bloc.

Lord Lansdowne took a very broad and sensible line in dealing with the House of Lords, at Sheffield, on Thursday. To the charge that they thwart the will of the nation, encroach on popular rights, and stay streams of development and reform, he opposes simply a general view of the country's history. "Has the House of Lords produced a discreditable chapter in the history of the civilised world? Was there any other nation to which they could point which enjoyed a larger measure of well-ordered liberty than this country?" Even if, as Radicals would have it, all the good has been done by the Commons, it is pretty evident that the House of Lords cannot have been very potent for evil. Lord Lansdowne is quite willing to improve the House of Lords' efficiency. A plan may be found by which the work of the House should be done by a carefully selected body of Peers representative of the different kinds of experience in which the House of Lords is very strong. And these might be assisted by other Peers, called in expressly for the matter in hand.

Peers who are also members of the Government are in an unkindly delicate position. They owe their success in life to their station; they owe their seat in the Government to their seat in the Peers. It would really be offensive flattery to say that three or four members of this Government who are in the Upper House would ever have found their way into a Government had it not been for their marked social and financial importance—in short, to their great estate in life. Therefore it seems gross ingratitude in them to speak harshly of an institution to which they owe all their importance to-day. On the other hand it seems

gross ingratitude in them not to assail harshly an institution that stands out as a most effective foe of their own party. What in the world then are they to do?

Perhaps the least they can do is to say nothing on a public platform about the House of Lords which they are not prepared to repeat in the House itself. Lord Rosebery's criticisms of the House of Lords have usually been uttered boldly from the red benches. But apparently this is not Lord Carrington's way. In the House of Lords itself he is all that is bland and suave. To hear him speak to the Peers, he might be one of their chief admirers. But outside he ridicules them and their alleged divine hereditary right. They are, it appears, the mere puppets of a discredited party, and the Government—though it is not a revolutionist Government—is going to change all this. How this can be changed without the revolution he deprecates, Lord Carrington does not say. Perhaps he does not know. "Life Peers" Lord Carrington derides as a "menagerie of celebrities". We suppose he objects to any distinguished man being called to the House of Peers. Are Lord Kelvin and Lord Courtney of Liskeard in his menagerie?

Who are "the carrion crows" now? Not long ago a Unionist who dared say a word about disorder in Ireland was called a crow and shot at by all the Liberal papers. And now here is the leading organ of the Liberal party demanding the prosecution of Mr. Ginnell M.P. for inciting Irish peasants to cattle-drive; and here is the Attorney-General for Ireland daring to describe this practice as "mob law"! We quite understand, of course, the meaning of this amazing change in opinion. The Irish kicked out the Irish Councils Bill, met the Liberal advances with rudeness and scorn; while, to cap all, Mr. Redmond threatened only the other day to renew the Home Rule agitation. It is more than flesh and blood can brook, and the Liberals have therefore awakened to the discovery that cattle-driving prevails in Ireland, and that it is a state of disorder and must end in "anarchy" unless the leaders are brought to justice. The discovery would have done Liberals more credit, had it been made many months ago.

If the Government really means business, will they not need a new Chief Secretary? How can Mr. Birrell, with the least show of consistency, come down heavily on cattle-drivers after what he has said in the House of Commons on the matter? Mr. Birrell told the owners that if they did not like their cattle being driven, they should protect themselves. These were not the exact words; but if anyone cares to look up the passage in the record of Questions in the House, he will find we do Mr. Birrell no injustice. And many people will look up the unhappy words and confound Mr. Birrell with them if he now tries to play the part of a Forster or a Balfour and keep order sternly. But we do not believe in a "Buckshot" Birrell. There is not enough of the brute in him for the work which, even Liberals admit, is now needed in Ireland.

Mr. Birrell, the Attorney-General for Ireland, and the responsible section of the Liberal Press, are not the only authorities that are now denouncing the cattle-drive. We are glad to see that the Archbishop of Tuam has ordered all the priests in his diocese to do the same. He sternly condemns it as immoral and illegal. Yet in spite of this Mr. Redmond ventures to speak of the thing as though it were a mere technical "offence". It is not, he exclaims, with a touching show of humanity, cruel; the beasts are not hurt. We are not so sure even of this. Mr. Ginnell M.P., the master-driver, speaks about using "the hazel with courage and energy". He advises "the universal and unceasing use of the hazel". Have Irish cattle harder hides than those of other countries? We should say that to whack English beasts with "energy" and drive them "oftener, further and faster", might quite easily be cruel.

Mr. McKenna may look forward to a hot session—we will do him the justice to say he would not mind

that: he has this one good quality—he is a fighting man. He will need all his armour. Seldom has there been such unity and such energy even amongst Roman Catholics, or amongst English Churchmen, as now fires their determination to resist Mr. McKenna's unworthy—to speak straightly—dishonest attempt to undermine the religious character of the training colleges by a change slipped into departmental regulations. No Minister before him ever tried to reverse an educational basis of long standing—in matter highly controversial—in any other way than by Bill—frankly letting Parliament and the country know that a great change is intended. That at any rate is playing fair. But cards on the table is not Mr. McKenna's political motto. His excuse is—the Lords! Have the Lords then so much changed? Every other Liberal Education Minister has had the Lords to deal with, but none of them ever deigned to try Mr. McKenna's trick.

Sir Charles Maclaren has been speaking of railway matters apropos of the working arrangement between the Midland and Great Central. He sees in such arrangements, and the raising of long distance passenger fares, the only chance of improving the condition of railway servants. He explains very clearly why in his opinion the rates on goods cannot be increased. For instance British traders are already handicapped as against cheap foreign rates. But there will certainly be an outcry against revising passenger rates; and probably the railway companies will be invited very strenuously by the public first to cut down the wasteful competition which Sir C. Maclaren describes. This it will be remembered was one of the things it was understood the Government intended dealing with at the settlement of the railway strike. Yet another difficulty arises. Centralisation or amalgamation would mean the dismissal of many clerks and workmen. Sir C. Maclaren believes that the centralisation consequent on the State taking over the railways would mean the displacement of from fifty to a hundred thousand men. This was a point made also by Mr. Bell; and it terribly increases the difficulty of dealing with the railways.

Ministers on the platform are not safe from the Suffragettes. We think however that they might be left alone when they are off it. We remember some years ago a Lord Advocate for Scotland having a terrible night over the Scotch Estimates. Mr. Weir and Mr. Caldwell knew no mercy. At length the House rose and the Lord Advocate and others hastened to catch the last train at Westminster. There he was espied by one of these gentlemen, who at once went up and offered to renew the debate. The Lord Advocate with a gesture of impatience turned his back. Lord Tweedmouth on Tuesday was treated in a similar way. His meeting at Chelmsford was disturbed. The Suffragettes had to be turned out. Later one of them met Lord Tweedmouth on the railway platform, and tackled him. "You must have patience," said Lord Tweedmouth. "Patience!" exclaimed the lady. "Why, we have waited forty years." Lord Tweedmouth then tried to argue that there is a difference between men and women. He was again repulsed. The plan of chucking out your opponent and then arguing with her will never do.

We must say, however, we wish the police had been able to deal more effectively with the band of disgraceful medical students who broke up the suffrage meeting at Paddington. Either they were too good-humoured or they were too feeble. These youths who are supposed to be studying medicine at two London hospitals ought to be whipt and sent back to school. Have the hospitals no power over their unruly imps? One and all, the roughs who broke up Mrs. Fawcett's meeting ought at least to be forbidden to enter again the two hospitals to which they are attached. What do the authorities of King's College and S. Mary's Hospital intend to do in the matter? According to the "Daily Mail" the culprits belonged to these hospitals.

One of the falsest sentimentalities is that the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him. It is only

true if capital punishment is indiscriminate, as it used to be. In the case of criminals like the Goolds what better can be done with them? Goold as well as Rayner would have been more mercifully hanged. The wife of Goold has the better luck if there still remains in her, as possibly there does in him, any germ of the self-consciousness which produces remorse. She would probably bear existence better than he will; as she seems by nature more abnormal intellectually and morally than he is. She no doubt was the prime projector and perpetrator. The atrocious case is fortunately over at last; there was nothing but horrors in it. But why blame Monte Carlo for it? The Mannings and Goolds and their like murder because "it is their nature to", whether they gamble or not.

We have never taken the policeman, even the policeman in A Division, for a saint. One need not even view him as a hero—though "The Policeman as Hero" might have made rather an attractive addition to Carlyle's series. But there is a natural inclination among people who believe in law and order, if not to canonise, at least to exalt the policeman when the Radical press does all in its power to damage his reputation. We are very glad therefore that Constable Adams, tried for perjury before the Recorder, was found not guilty. The whole feeling against the London policeman is absurd. The idea is that he looks too well after the safety and convenience of the comfortable classes—that he caters for the haves rather than for the have-nots. Hence this set against him. No doubt in a way this feeling against him is based on fact. The burglar belongs to the have-not class, the pickpocket too, and the policeman does not work on their behalf. He is equally inconvenient to certain other classes who come more or less—come ever in the end—under the description of have-nots. Yet must not all this be counted for a virtue in the policeman?

The Druce inquiry on Monday was marked by the evidence of two new witnesses. Mr. Naylor, an assistant in a photographer's opposite the bazaar, said he photographed T. C. Druce four times between 1861 and 1862, and that he had photographed him with false beard, whiskers and moustache. But his most remarkable statement was that in 1865, having occasion to come from Hastings, where he then lived, to London, he saw T. C. Druce near the bazaar, who waved his hand in acknowledgment of his salute. He was not surprised to see him, he explained, as he had not heard of his death. Mr. Phillips, a draper in Baker Street, said he first saw T. C. Druce in 1864, had heard of his death and funeral, but saw him in Baker Street more than a dozen times between 1865 and 1868. These witnesses were both cross-examined, and of course we express no opinion on their evidence.

But there was one very interesting point in Mr. Naylor's evidence. He came to London in 1865, he said, to see the funeral of Tom Sayers. In a formal manner one of the counsel asked "Who was Tom Sayers?" whereupon Mr. Plowden remarked: "Oh! it would be difficult to forget that gentleman's existence." It is one of the minor curiosities of the Druce case that Tom Sayers' name should be mentioned. He also was buried in Highgate Cemetery—and the day he was linked on to the Druce case was the one for the championship fight between Moir and Burns at the National Sporting Club. It is strange that forty-seven years after the fight between the Englishman and American which excited the enthusiasm of all classes in both countries, Tom Sayers is still a familiar name to everybody. In his day prize fighting was the great popular sport, though it had declined so much that he was the last really great exponent of the art.

It seems generally agreed by the experts that even in the degenerate form, as the contemporaries of Palmerston would have reckoned it, of such a boxing contest as that of Moir and Burns, our champions of the present are of inferior quality. The "atmosphere" is not favourable to the breed, as it was when most

gentlemen had been under the tuition of some master of the ring. There were prize fights in the old days when twenty thousand people assembled, and the interest taken in the Burns and Moir fight shows that if the law allowed it under the old conditions, it would become a rival of football. But we could not now tolerate the disorder of prize fights, as they did in rougher days, even to produce champions of the Sayers type; and yet this was a type one time deemed worth cultivating; and the little man Sayers, who held his own with the big man Heenan, was a symbol to Englishmen.

At the Royal Society's dinner science comes down into the market-place and meets the men of the plains on the same level. And the man of the world, we think it must be admitted, generally takes his opportunity. Lord Dunedin easily topped all the "scientific gents" around him. Witty and full of ideas, his speech made one think of science itself far more than did any of the words of the elect. But our only feeling should be gratitude to the scientist for deigning to put himself at a disadvantage; for his advantage is impregnable if he chooses to stay there. The groundling, however slick, can never scale the professor's heights. If you put him a poser, he can always suppress you, as Professor Tait did Lord Dunedin, by telling you that he knows quite well, but it is impossible to explain to you in terms you could understand.

At the precious Institute of Journalists Mr. H. G. Wells was in his element on Monday. He made light of all the "cant" about the classics, and about literature as something high and dry above journalism. Mr. Wells wants the public to read the modern stuff. How can you expect the ordinary man to read Spenser? Here we can all agree with Mr. Wells—it is unreasonable to expect every man to read "The Faerie Queene" clean through. Not one man in a hundred thousand has been in at "the death of the blatant beast", we suppose. But this talk about "The Faerie Queene" is a trifle deceptive. Only a prig would urge that the great mass of readers should read the "Faerie Queene". The point is—and Mr. Wells forgot to show this—that the public is too fond to-day of wasting its time and money on the bad or indifferent fiction of living novelists when it has a century or two of the work of really first-class novelists to draw from. Trollope, Kingsley, Fielding, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Scott and a score of other masters—why waste time and money on the "moderns" Mr. Wells has perhaps in his thoughts, when these can be read through two or three times with profit and pleasure?

Belgian annoyance at their oarsmen's disability to defend their title to the Grand Challenge Cup is natural enough. We can quite sympathise with them; it is certainly rough on them; though the decision to exclude foreign entries was, in our view, right. But the gentlemen who hoped to row here again next year would not, we are sure, applaud the advice of certain Belgian papers to hang on to the cup. The Belgian crew are not pot-hunters.

There could be no more ill memorial of Claude Eliot, the vicar of Christ Church, Hoxton, than gush. He was a man, and he loathed it. He would have wished nothing said of him but that he did his duty. We should be the last to grudge any honest praise of Claude Eliot, but posthumous newspaper enthusiasm for a simple parish priest, "over whose deathbed two bishops pray", is not the right stuff. This man did his work and wanted no heroics. Like one of Blackmore's single-hearted parsons, he "fagged out in the long field for the Church", alone. And the Church was content to leave him there. That he was not rewarded is nothing, but that he was not supported better is very much. His was not a fashionable slum—it was not smart to work there. Absorbed in his parish—in no sense a West End clergyman—Mr. Eliot was yet rather well known—a compelling personality. His boys' club—in some ways the salvation of the neighbourhood—is in need of help—£300. Here is an opportunity for the posthumous enthusiasts.

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS AT WASHINGTON.

A KING'S SPEECH has been called "the most meaningless of human documents", but it has at least the merit of brevity. Not so the Messages of a President, least of all those of Mr. Roosevelt. It is a pity that these exhortations cannot be taken as read, but perhaps in that case nobody would read them. Being a writer who poses as a publicist and has contributed largely to Reviews in his day, to say nothing of having written books, the President might well prune his periods and look to his English. However, the essential part of his Message is the sense and not the wording, and the enunciation of portentous platitudes at enormous length ("phenomenal" length the nice man of letters would say) must be accepted as the essential vehicle for the conveyance of all the President's ideas. He might, however, spare the world the infliction of lengthy quotations from his previous utterances, for readers do not always place the author's value upon his literary output.

But, apart from questions as to the manner in which it is done, it cannot be said that Mr. Roosevelt's Message gives his country much clear thinking on the difficulties by which it is confronted at the moment. The whole world has been not only occupied but gravely alarmed by the financial scandals that have recently disturbed the money market of New York and have even threatened the credit of the country. To save the recurrence of such panics with all their deplorable consequences we do not find that Mr. Roosevelt has any effectual proposals to submit or indeed that he seems quite conscious that the financial system requires drastic amendment. So far as he has anything to say of the business methods of his country he contents himself with the easy assurance that they are fundamentally sound and honest. Leaving the matter of honesty out of the case, we can only wonder that we hear nothing either in commendation or condemnation of the proposal to establish a National Bank which is now exercising the minds of all practical business men in New York and surely calls for some reference from the President. The proposal for an emergency currency hardly touches the surface of the case. That he should attack the Trusts again was only to be expected, but it may well be doubted how much good he thinks is to be done by these constant excursions and alarms against an evil which is acknowledged but cannot be seriously tackled except by drastic legislation. Hitherto, where legislation has been attempted it has not been drastic. The Bill which was put forward to stop the Chicago meat scandals proved ludicrously inadequate for its purpose. No one doubts that Mr. Roosevelt is perfectly honest in his desire to check the inordinate growth of monopoly in the United States, but we may well doubt what good is to be done by "nagging" year after year in the now familiar fashion without in the end bringing any alleviation to the body politic of the ills preying on it. The President's methods frighten investors and make business men uneasy, and thereby enable the manipulators of the monopolies in question to lay the blame for the disturbance of markets upon the authorities who are trying to arrest the abuses. In fact we seem no nearer a solution of the Trust problem than we were a year ago. It is impossible to see in the present lack of financial method in the United States how the misdoings of the Trusts are satisfactorily to be kept under control.

What the President leaves out is more surprising than what he puts in. All the world is wondering what are the real relations existing to-day between the United States and Japan. Public opinion in two continents has been gravely stirred by the rumours about the movements of the American fleet. Its voyage to the Pacific has been again and again proclaimed and then denied. We now know that it is really on its way, and we are further informed by Mr. Roosevelt that it is intended in future that these permutations of position are to take place continually, but we have no word as to the matter which really excited people when the Pacific expedition was first mooted. What is the situation so far as Japan is concerned? How about

the colour question in California? Is all fear of a quarrel over the deplorable incidents in San Francisco gone? And what chance is there of such incidents being prevented in future by Federal interference? All these are points on which the world at large earnestly desires some definite information; but, strange to say, the President has nothing to tell us about any of them, though he has a good deal to say about China, a country which must have irresistibly suggested Japan. However, he has successfully resisted the temptation to trespass further, and has omitted all reference to the only portion of the Far East with which at the moment the United States are deeply concerned.

These omissions made the Message disappointing enough, and we cannot say that they are redeemed by what is left in. As to the tariff we recognise some good sense in the line taken; in fact the policy advocated is identical with that which the SATURDAY REVIEW has always put forward for this country. As the President recommends that a gradual modification of the extreme Protectionism of the United States is essential, so do we advocate a gradual and persistent modification of our extreme Free Trade policy. But it is surely expecting too much to suppose that by merely postponing the rearrangement of the tariff till after the Presidential Election, it will be removed thereby from the sphere of party politics and will depend solely upon a dispassionate discussion as to what duties can for the best interests of the country be modified or taken off. In the United States, least of all countries, can we expect to find altruistic methods in the rearrangement of a tariff.

But there is one proposal in the Message which frankly we do not know whether to take seriously or not. It is not of course credible that a strenuous person like Mr. Roosevelt could ever poke fun at the world. Humour has never been the distinguishing feature of his character, but there is something which more than supports the theory that he is joking in the proposal that the State should finance political parties, and that the application of party funds should be subjected to a close scrutiny by State officials. There is no clear definition attempted of the ends to which the expenditure is to be devoted. We may suppose that "legitimate expenses" are to some extent what are known as "returning officers' charges", and such like items, but the objects, even when not illegitimate, for which money is spent in Presidential campaigns are so widely different from ours that it is hopeless to attempt definition without some more assistance from the fountain-head. The more interesting question is what parties may claim a share of the spoil from the national Treasury. Why not a dozen if they could be found? And they soon would be found if their existence could be assured by contributions from the State. Under such a régime

"Party leaders we should meet
By twos and threes in every street
Maintaining (with no little heat)
Their various opinions."

In fact it is difficult to see anything in the proposal save what is farcical, so long as it is in its present phase of crude suggestion.

But while the particulars of the document are jejune and unsatisfying, there is a general tendency running through it which cannot escape observation because it is indeed but the echo of all Mr. Roosevelt's recent utterances. The necessity of strengthening Federal at the expense of the State authority, hinted at or openly advocated, of course involves the progress of the Centralisation of authority at the expense of the Senate. Centralisation has been the consistent policy of Mr. Roosevelt throughout his two terms, and we have never been inclined to quarrel with him for pressing it on the nation. It is of course clear that the regulations of inter-State commerce must be a matter for the national and not State authorities before there can be any hope of effectually controlling monopolies or checking railway tyranny, but the burden of local prejudice against such a policy throughout the States makes the ultimate prospects of reform more than doubtful. If the United States are to remain a great

oversea Power, indeed if they are to hold together at all, this policy must triumph in the end. The interesting point is—will Mr. Roosevelt be the man to see this through?

THE PORTUGUESE PLAY.

NO one has ever taken Portugal seriously. There used to be a rhyme about two Johnny Frenchmen, one Portuguese, and one jolly Englishman who was capable of putting all three to confusion. The conclusion, so far as it affected the Portugal, was that he was only thrown in as a negligible sundry, to enhance the prowess of the jolly Englishman. Then there was Offenbach's refrain, "Les Portugais sont toujours gais". That did not convey an impression of solidity. Nor did the conduct of the Portugals during the Peninsular War. We must also remember that their country was once a province of Spain and became an independent kingdom more by good luck than by virtue of courage. Then we must not forget that the Portugals have not even a legitimate monarchy. Several columns would be necessary in order to expound the dynastic theory. We assume that everybody who is intelligent enough to read the SATURDAY REVIEW is intelligent enough to understand the puzzling laws of Lamego. In that case, they are Miguelists. The Prince of Bulgaria once remarked that his relatives had no business in Portugal and that, if the legitimism which he believes in had enjoyed any success, they would not have a leg to stand upon. But nowadays we have to take our stand upon practical politics and admit that authority must be supported in the interests of a country. Portugal is now very much in the position of Great Britain at the time of the Forty-five. If Dom Miguel could arrive with a few men and inaugurate a revolution, he might have a sporting chance of the throne. But, unless he can make a certainty of success, the friends of law and order will have to range themselves on the side of the present dynasty. No doubt the actual occupant of the throne has no right to his present position and no right to give himself the airs of a dictator, but we are to remember that the only apparent alternatives to the present dynasty are Republicanism and Anarchy. While we may wish well to the old line, we must reluctantly prefer the new to a civil war. At any rate Carlos stands for law and order and decency. The only easy alternative to his autocracy is a continuation of corruption. Corrupt States have sometimes been successful, as in the case of the dominions ruled by William of Orange and Oliver Cromwell and Theodore Roosevelt. But corruption is not an ideal condition of things, and so long as Carlos opposes corruption he must have the support of this country. Portugal has had that support traditionally. We preserved her integrity against the encroachment of the Corsican ogre, and of late years we have almost assumed an avuncular relationship towards the little land. It would therefore be painful to the average Englishman to hear of disasters in Portugal. A revolution or a newly made republic is always a disaster. We hope that the dictatorship may succeed, that authority may be securely established, that all sorts of illegal acts may be committed for the public weal, and that the immediate crisis may be overcome. A small number of politicians will be disappointed—so much the better—the mass of the people will be benefited.

To some we may seem very rash to associate ourselves frankly with tyranny. But when we contemplate the modern history of Portugal we feel that we should be plain fools if we advocated anything else. Extreme democrats are very fond of arguing that all nations, however debased, corrupt and abominable, ought to be allowed to govern themselves. The probability that they will make mistakes is admitted, but the argument is that their mistakes will teach them the business of government. This is all very fine, but the question is whether the game is worth the candle. On the one hand you have the doubtful advantage of faith or hope that, in the remote future, the masses may acquire the difficult art of politics. On the other hand you have the certainty that, for a very long period of time, inexperience will breed all sorts of misfortunes. We are by no means convinced

that the people of Portugal will ever develop any very great skill as politicians. They are certainly not receptive. After enjoying the benefits of compulsory education for more than sixty years, not much more than twenty per cent. of them are even able to read. Let us then contemplate this simple problem: if the elementary exercise of learning to read takes a small section sixty years, how long will it take a whole people to master all the difficulties and niceties of economics, ethics, social questions and foreign affairs? But for the sake of argument we will admit the hoary notion that self-government is the noblest of all possible ideals. We are then to remember that the free and enlightened electors of Portugal have again and again sanctioned the very violation of the Constitution which is considered so shameful and despotic now that it has been perpetrated by Senhor Franco. Affairs have not gone well in Portugal for a long time, and the invariable remedy in time of trouble has been to govern without a Parliament. Senhor Ribeiro thrice resorted to the trick of summoning Parliament and dismissing it before it had time to come to business. Twelve months ago both parties in turn petitioned the King to commit the very act of despotism which has now horrified them so sadly. Surely therefore it is legitimate to urge, as schoolboys would express it, that "they can't talk". Dom Carlos has merely taken their advice, only he happens to have chosen a comparatively honest man, as honest men go in Portugal, to conduct the business. Senhor Franco is at any rate a rich man, and, though his enemies may say that this is a proof of past dishonesty, it is at least an argument in favour of possible probity in the future. As for the two great parties in the State, with their fine full-blooded, high-sounding names, the Regeneradores and the Progressistas, there is probably as little to choose between them as there is between most Opportunist groups. Ever since Portugal has been a constitutional monarchy, these two groups or parties appear to have established a sort of arrangement enabling them to take office alternately and share the spoils. Politics, in fact, in Portugal rank as a profession, or, at the worst, as a profitable game. The interests of the masses are not considered in the least, and the chosen representatives of democracy concern themselves with very little more than the feathering of their own nests. Their chief efforts in the way of legislation are the creation of sinecures, more especially in connexion with the custom-houses, where, owing to the disappearance of trade, very little business remains to be done. The usual practice is, whenever a man has to be bribed, to appoint his wife as a female searcher at the custom-house. She never searches anybody, and indeed there are very few people to be searched, but she draws her pay regularly and her husband votes straight.

We have very little confidence in the likelihood of a Portuguese regeneration, even by the Regeneradores, and we should not be surprised to hear at any moment of the establishment of a republic. But until that last catastrophe occurs, we must wish Dom Carlos well in his efforts—certainly wise and perhaps patriotic—to put off the evil day by keeping a firm upper lip. His country will never recover so long as corruption and extravagance are permitted. In old days the wealth of Brazil was available to cover a deficit, but now Portugal has to trust to her own resources, and they are very poor. The trade in port wine is at a very low ebb; no Portugal ever does any work if he can possibly help it; the national expenditure always exceeds the national revenue; the national debt increases as fast as money-lenders will permit, and altogether there is some excuse for despair. Our conclusion then is that Dom Miguel II. would probably be best, but failing him Carlos and Franco are infinitely better than any Parliament or groups of Parliamentary rascals.

THE CROSBY HALL IMPASSE.

AT present the movement to save Crosby Hall has got itself into an impasse. We hope we may not have very soon to say that it has ended in a fiasco. What is wanted for any scheme by which the Hall may be retained intact, as a genuine historic monument as

it stands, is that the sum of £150,000 should be raised. At present as the result of an appeal for public contributions only £50,000 have been raised; and the balance of £100,000 has to come from somewhere and be provided somehow at the latest probably by Christmas. A comparatively small part of the £50,000 mentioned includes promises by the City Corporation and the City Livery Companies, and contributions of individual liverymen, and £1,000 promised by the London County Council. In all probability the general public fountain has been tapped nearly dry and very little more can be expected from it. Therefore if Crosby Hall is to be saved, the greater part of £100,000 must be raised by the City Corporation, the Livery Companies, and the London County Council in some proportion between them.

On the face of it the decision come to at the meeting of the County Council on Tuesday appears absurd. In what way could the Council be of any use in this rescue work unless it were prepared to raise a very considerable portion of the sum of £100,000 by drawing on its funds in some form for the amount? Without this all the resolutions it might pass, or anything else it might do, would be futile and rather ridiculous, as was Tuesday's resolution. But this question must in fairness be asked: Why should the Council charge itself with the duty of raising the whole £100,000 when the City and the Companies have so obviously failed to do what was reasonably to be expected from them? Tuesday's resolution really means that the Council is sore at the thought that it should take the whole burden of this £100,000 on itself, and incur, what is sure to follow, the hostility of at least a portion of the electorate for laying such a charge upon the rates. It would be asked, why, since Crosby Hall is not in the area of the Council but in that of the City, have you laid such a gratuitous burden on us when the City and the Livery Companies who are primarily concerned have evaded their own duty? The contrast of the parsimony of the Corporation and Companies with the extravagance of the Council would be rubbed in, we may be sure, at the very rawest spot in the cuticle of the Council. Now we have reason for believing that if the Corporation and the Companies were to come to a more proper and generous mood the Council, in spite of its Tuesday's resolution, might reconsider its decision. This resolution must be interpreted in the light of the circumstances we have pointed out, and must not be ascribed wholly to the obsession of saving the rates at no matter what neglect of the Council's duty to the wider interests of London. If a suitable understanding can be arrived at between the Council and the Corporation and Companies it is probable that it would yet see a way to act as to Crosby Hall as generously as it did as to the Tudor House in Fleet Street, which it helped to save from destruction. It might be an equitable arrangement that one moiety should be contributed by the Council and another moiety by the Corporation and the Companies. But without insisting on any given proportion it is absolutely the duty of these bodies in some fair manner to raise the sum of £100,000 amongst them. If the resolution of Tuesday were to be understood as declaring the principle that the rates ought not in any circumstances to be charged with saving Crosby Hall, there could be no sympathy with it. But the same censure is as applicable to the action of the Corporation and the Companies as to that of the County Council. There is to be on Monday a private conference of the representatives of these bodies and others to discuss the position. Barring a certain amount of recrimination, which would be excusable, the one practical question is, How are these bodies amongst them to raise the bulk of £100,000? We hope the conference is a hopeful sign that all the parties are beginning to repent and are recovering from the cold fit of false economy and terror of the ratepayers which seemed about to make of Crosby Hall a heap of ruins. And here we must say a word about that preposterous clause in Tuesday's resolution, proposing as a last desperate attempt to do something with Crosby Hall, that it should be pulled down and pieced together again, like a child's box of bricks, on a site to be provided by the County Council. Rather than this should be done we would see Crosby

Hall perish without a trace of its existence. Let us leave such Philistinism and experiments in quack archaeology to the Americans. Crosby Hall is itself only in situ; elsewhere it would be a mockery, and if we have not the piety to preserve it amidst its natural associations we ought at least to have the artistic and even the moral decency not to expose it to derision. The vandalism of destroying Crosby Hall is bad enough; but it is not half so bad as the vulgarity which would turn it into a Barnum and Bailey fraud. If London is mean enough not to care for its relics it surely is not so vulgar as to spend its money on setting up architectural shams.

There is some excuse, as we have explained, for the resolution on Tuesday, but there would be no excuse for persisting in and insisting on the proposition that there shall be no charge on the county rate, or that no capital money shall be raised by the Council to help in saving Crosby Hall. This is not the kind of economical cheeseparing which made it worth while to turn out the Progressives at the last elections. Indeed they can hardly expect to beat the Progressives at this game of penny wise and pound foolish: the horror of spending or sacrificing a present sum of money to carry out some object of public importance. The Progressives would have pulled down St. Mary's Church in a fit of parsimony if Lord Rosebery had not prevented them. In the same mood they were afraid to build their County Hall on the obviously most suitable site in London, the Aldwych delta, and took it over the river. It was parsimony, too, which made them refuse all the suggestions of persons who were the most competent judges in London to alter the building line of the Strand site, as if they spitefully persisted in their intention to ruin the splendid possibilities of this part of London. And the present Council has followed their example, and been as obstinately penurious and oblivious to every conception of their duty in guarding and extending the amenities of London. It seems as though there were never to be a London municipal body which takes the smallest intelligent interest in these matters, or dare spend money on them for fear of offending the most narrow-minded of the electors. Experience has confirmed us in what we said at the last election, that in municipal affairs we had no expectation that the change from Progressives to Municipal Reformers would be any great matter. We said frankly then, and we say it again, that it was because the Municipal Reformers would be a thorn in the side of the Government that we wished for the change. We are satisfied with it and prefer the new Council to the old for this reason; yet except for this one is as bad or as good as the other. As to Crosby Hall the Municipal Reformers have dug for themselves the pit into which they have fallen; and their enemies stand on the edge and deride them. They have adopted the principle of the lowest type of ratepayer, that no gain for London is equal to the saving of a penny on the rates. Their mistake consists in having in too wide terms refused to raise a substantial sum to save Crosby Hall. The meeting on Monday may show the Corporation and the Companies to be in a more municipally patriotic mood. If they are, a more satisfactory arrangement may be made for a juster distribution of the burden. There would then be a locus pœnitentiæ for the Council, and a way be opened for the reform of its resolution.

SCIENCE IN THE BODY POLITIC.

WE wonder how many people taking up their "Times" on Monday morning and reading therein of the anniversary dinner of the Royal Society had any definite idea of what that ancient body is, other than a gathering of stuffy professors for purposes of mutual admiration. Certainly the President tried to explain some of the external functions of the Society, but being a scientific man, and therefore modest in his statements, being also, no doubt, touched with a little of that despair which comes over anyone who has to expound an intricate art to an audience barely knowing the language that has to be used, probably neither the man in the street nor the politician

who waits upon his supposed wishes was greatly impressed. And yet besides its purely personal relationship to its Fellows, the Society, as a referee, as a consultative body, as the originator and inspirer of extended scientific campaigns in the public interest, plays a part of increasing importance in the modern State. For example, the Society has organised and published the results of the work of various Commissions dealing with diseases of importance in our colonies and dependencies; the origin of malaria had been discovered, but it was the work of the Malaria Commission of the Royal Society that wrought the widespread acceptance of the connexion between malaria and mosquitoes, and worked out a preventive system which is already doing wonders for the health of our army and civil servants in malarial countries. Malta fever is the last of the diseases to be run down by one of the Royal Society's Commissions; only this year has the source been finally brought home to the local goats and their milk, by which means indeed the disease had been passed on to Gibraltar; while the Society's campaign against "sleeping sickness", that scourge which is rapidly depopulating Central Africa, will in future be conducted by an international Commission, working however from a central bureau at the Royal Society, where so much of the preliminary investigation has already been accumulated. Nor is it in this field alone that the Royal Society has been active in promoting combined work: the National Physical Laboratory, the Explosives Committee, the last Antarctic Expedition, represent some of the various enterprises in behalf of knowledge in which the Royal Society was either the prime mover or played a leading part. Among its more special functions the Society also administers the Treasury grant for research, and since the sum to be distributed among so many claimants is not large, a nice discrimination is required to make it of much service; the Society has also taken upon itself the organisation and a large share of the burden of that enormous task—the international catalogue of scientific papers. In a variety of ways the Royal Society is constantly being called upon by this or that public body to act as referee or adviser. Only those who are inside can know how much time is being given, weekly and even daily, by some of the most highly skilled minds in the country to the work of the Society and the service of the State. Not that the Society is rich; it has little more than the subscriptions and the voluntary labours of its Fellows to give; indeed it is becoming a question whether some of its own publications will not have to be curtailed in the interest of the more public work.

Of course to the outside world the most distinguishing feature of the Royal Society is the kind of diploma it confers when it enables a man to write F.R.S. after his name, and though there are some flies in the amber of the list of Fellows, there is probably less intrigue and wire-pulling about the award of this than of any other terrestrial distinction, so that its attainment is still coveted and worked for in a legitimate way by all young men of science. As a meeting-place for discussion—its original justification—the Society is perhaps losing ground; science is getting so specialised nowadays that the physicist is no longer able to understand the chemist nor the chemist the physiologist; each is wrapped in his own affairs; hence the reading of a paper to the Royal Society is one of the grimmest of ordeals. It is at the specialist societies nowadays that specialists' papers alone can be appreciated and discussed, and if it were not for the borderline papers which do not properly belong to any one science the Royal Society could well dispense with the publication of the time-honoured "Philosophical Transactions".

The recollection of the grimness of the ordinary Royal Society meeting, the despair which would fall upon the ordinary layman who happened to drop in on some Thursday afternoon, brings to our mind the complaint to which the "Times" gave a prominent place one day this week. Briefly its correspondent complained that the great men of science took no pains to make themselves or their work comprehended of the public; they use habitually an involved and cumbrous jargon, and even when they get an opportunity of addressing the layman they boggle and miss their

points, until the journalistic mind in the background is itching to state their case for them. If science wants the support of the public; if, as it claims, it should play a larger part in the affairs of the State, it must condescend to be intelligible and must do its work in such a way as to interest the average man; it must not even disdain to advertise a little.

It may freely be granted that the ordinary scientific paper is badly written, lacking in arrangement and loaded with unnecessary details, and further that most scientific men speak even worse than they write and are needlessly unintelligible to an educated layman. Professor Sadler suggests that the bad teaching of English in our schools may account for this, but the cause is really far deeper than any art of writing; lucidity depends upon a sense of proportion and a power of apprehending the other man's state of mind, and these are at bottom innate and not acquired faculties, however capable of cultivation afterwards. A man may be a great investigator and have no power of exposition: the two arts are by no means correlated, it may even be argued that they are antagonistic. The desire to make points, the journalist's one ideal, the feeling that things must be brought into orderly bundles in proper logical sequence, are dangerous guides to the investigator; nature is generally too complex to admit of elegant solutions of her problems, and the history of science is full of examples how the subtle temptation to round off a theory neatly has led to error.

So without in the least setting it down as a virtue we must in many cases be content to accept the formlessness of a scientific man's papers as a fact inherent in his nature—he "can no other". Advertising too is against the grain; there are one or two shining examples to the contrary, but they are not beloved of their fellows, and when the journalist does the advertising vicariously for the man of science, the result is appalling. There is an example in the current issue of Mr. Stead's magazine which gave some scientific people hot and cold fits by turn to find their subject so pawed over. It is this growing predominance of advertisement that forms the least hopeful feature in the outlook for science in the State; if the public support of science is going to depend upon advertisement, upon the extent to which the man in the street can be interested, then sound work will have little chance against charlatanism. Credulity grows faster than knowledge; at present the results of science have only given the quack a wider field and the slipshod thinker more tenebrous hiding-places. Electricity, magnetism, ethereal waves—what Mesopotamias these are to the weaker minds! When one sees only the results of science everything is equally wonderful; there is no dividing-line between the chemist and the alchemist and spirit telegraphy is as obvious as "wireless". It is the method of science that wants spreading and not its results; the great work the teachers of this generation have got before them is to devise a means of giving the young mind a notion of the processes by which natural knowledge is acquired.

It is in the public schools that the most serious call for such teaching exists, for the literary training upon which they now stand seems even to incapacitate its recipient, at least some times, from ever attaining any feeling for science. In no other way can we explain the ineptitude of the dealings of our public bodies with science. The absence of research and the consequent hurried recourse to a consultant when things are fatally wrong, the contempt of the expert due to incapacity to know the charlatan, the absence of any policy of thorough, all speak of the atrophy of one part of the intellectual equipment of our men of affairs.

We rush about in electric trains, talk to the other ends of the world, record our voices and our faces for future times in their natural sounds and colours; our hands wield all the lightnings—but our minds remain as mean as ever.

THE CITY.

THE continuance of the Bank rate at 7 per cent. is a reminder that, whatever Mr. Harriman may say to the contrary, the financial authorities here do not regard the American crisis as over. The rise in American stocks and shares during the past week is,

of course, purely artificial, and has been engineered very cleverly by the magnates in order to induce the public to buy from them the shares which they were forced to take in the panic. It is very easy for a group of these rich men to get prices marked up by buying and selling to one another; but we hope that the public on this side of the Atlantic will not be deluded into buying by so flimsy and impudent a dodge. That American Rails will have another fall we are convinced; but it is impossible to say when it will come, or whether the market-riggers will not succeed in putting prices still higher before the tumble. As it is, Wall Street has taken Throgmorton Street by surprise, for most of the professional operators over here were "bears". Canadian Pacifics have risen no less than ten points since the last account. Canadas of course are not in the same boat as Americans, but the biggest account in them is carried in New York, and until this account is closed or transferred to London, "Canadas" will go up and down in sympathy with Yankees. The Stock Exchange tip that a syndicate was in difficulty about its Canadas and obliged to unload a huge line induced a good many innocents to go short of them. But Stock Exchange tips, like dreams, ought always to be interpreted in the contrary sense, and in this instance the bears must have suffered. Still, Canadas at 150 are too high, for we are by no means assured that the financial position in Canada is all right, and traffics are bound to decrease in the coming year. Buenos Ayres and Pacific New Shares (£10 shares £1 paid) are quoted in the market at $\frac{1}{16}$ to $\frac{1}{8}$ premium. This is about equal to £104 for the stock into which they will ultimately be converted. As the old ordinary stock stands at 109, there is a certain profit in these new shares at present prices. The Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway has paid 7 per cent. on its ordinary stock for the last four years, and is going on doing it; therefore the price of the stock will certainly rise to 120 as soon as the Bank rate is reduced to 3 or 4, which we hope will be in February. The price of 120 is equivalent to a premium of £2 on the new £10 shares, which looks like a profit of over 30s. a share in the next few months. The special settlement will probably arrive about February. It is certainly the best buy in the market.

What the working arrangement between the Great Central and Great Northern Railway Companies may be we know no more than the man in the moon. But the market for Great Northern Deferred has been a good one, and the stock rose easily from 40 to 46. It is said that it will go to 60; but people always exaggerate the possible benefits of a new scheme. It is quite likely that Great Northern Deferred may go to 50, however, and Great Northern A's are said to be worth only a point or two less. In City schemes of reconstruction or amalgamation, the junior securities always seem to come off best, probably because their holders are generally professional financiers.

Everybody knows "Maxim's" in Paris: no Englishman or American thinks he has drained the cup of pleasure unless he has supped "chez Maxim". A company has been formed with a capital of £120,000 in £1 shares, all of which are offered to the public for subscription, to acquire the lease (thirty-one years at £1,800 rising to £2,000 rent), the furniture, fittings, plate, glass, china, &c. and the goodwill, for £104,000, payable in cash to the vendors, who have bought the business from Messrs. Chauveau and Cornuché for £76,000, a price which includes the wines, which are to be bought by the new company for a further sum estimated at £12,000. The total gross profit therefore to the vendors, the International Finance and Development Corporation, is £40,000, out of which they undertake to pay all the preliminary expenses of flotation, put at £9,000, leaving a net profit of £31,000, which on a deal of £120,000 is not bad. As there is no capital guaranteed by the promoters, we can only congratulate the International Finance and Development Corporation on agreeing to buy a business for £76,000 on 4 November and agreeing to sell it on 2 December for £116,000 (less £9,000 for expenses); for unless our arithmetic, or the prospectus, deceives

us, this is a profit of 40 per cent., and all in cash. When the company has paid the International Finance and Development Corporation £116,000 for the goodwill, furniture, and wines, there will only remain £4,000 out of the £120,000 for working capital, which is too little, although it is a ready-money business. A premium (we are not told how much) is to be paid to the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society during the lease of thirty-two years, which will effect the repayment of £104,000 at the end of that period. We are not in a position to criticise the valuation of the lease, furniture, plate, &c., and decorations, which stand for £36,188, while £67,811 is paid for goodwill, or more than four years' purchase of the average profits for the last three years, which amount to £15,483, after deducting £1,800 for directors' fees and office expenses. Three years' purchase is, in our opinion, quite enough to give for the goodwill of a restaurant, for the fashion in restaurants changes quickly in Paris, and we could name two or three restaurants on the boulevards which were all the rage ten years ago and are now deserted. The payment of £12,000 for the wines at cost also strikes us as a very risky speculation. Nobody knows better than a wine merchant what a dangerous stock wine, particularly Bordeaux, is to hold or to buy. It is obvious that either the proprietors of Maxim's have sold their business and their wines for less than they are worth, or that the new company is buying them for more than they are worth. As Hume said of the miracles, "of two probabilities choose the greater". For ourselves we would rather be shareholders in the International Finance and Development Corporation than shareholders in Maxims, Limited.

Mexico has gone ahead so much in recent years, and the opportunities for legitimate business enterprise which it affords are so considerable, that there should be no question as to the prospects of a concern started to assist its industrial development. The British and Mexican Trust Company, Limited, with a capital of £500,000, in £10 shares, is being formed, Sir W. F. Haynes Smith, K.C.M.G., being chairman in London, and Mr. J. W. De Kay president in Mexico. The directors are mostly interested in Mexican business, and it is believed that the company will find ample scope for the profitable employment of its capital in public works which must be undertaken in various parts of the Republic. The company will be specifically prohibited from taking any part in mining matters, and will confine itself to commercial enterprise.

"SARAH'S" MEMOIRS.*

I WISH I had read this book before I left London. In a very small and simple village on the coast of Italy I find it over-exciting. Gray and gentle are the olive-trees around me; and the Mediterranean mildly laps the shore, with never a puff of wind for the fishermen, whose mothers and wives and daughters sit plying their bobbins all day long in the shade of the piazza. In mellow undertones they are gossiping, these women at their work, all day long, and day after day. Gossiping of what, in this place where nothing perceptibly happens? The stranger here loses his sense of life. A trance softly envelops him. Imagine a somnambulist awaking to find himself peering down into the crater of a volcano, and you will realise how startling Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's book has been to me.

Hers is a volcanic nature, as we know, and hers has been a volcanic career; and nothing of this volcanicism is lost in her description of it. It has been doubted whether she really wrote the book herself. The vividness of the narration, the sure sense of what was worth telling and what was not, the sharp, salt vivacity of the style (which not even the slipshod English of the translator can obscure)—all these virtues have to some pedants seemed incompatible with authenticity. I admit that it is disquieting to find an amateur plunging triumphantly into an art which we others, having laboriously graduated in it, like to regard as a close concern of our own. When Sarah threw her energies into the art of sculpture, and acquitted herself very

well, the professional sculptors were very much surprised and vexed. A similar disquiet was produced by her paintings. Let writers console themselves with the reflection that to Sarah all things are possible. There is no use in pretending that she did not write this book herself. Paris contains, of course, many accomplished hacks who would gladly have done the job for her, and would have done it quite nicely. But none of them could have imparted to the book the peculiar fire and salt that it has—the rushing spontaneity that stamps it, for every discriminating reader, as Sarah's own.

Her life may be said to have been an almost unbroken series of "scenes" from the moment when, at the age of three, she fell into the fire. "The screams of my foster-father, who could not move, brought in some neighbours. I was thrown, all smoking, into a large pail of fresh milk. . . . I have been told since that nothing was so painful to witness and yet so charming as my mother's despair." The average little girl would not resent being removed from a boarding-school by an aunt. She would not "roll about on the ground, uttering the most heart-rending cries". But that is what little Sarah did; and "the struggle lasted two hours, and while I was being dressed I escaped twice into the garden and attempted to climb the trees and to throw myself into the pond. . . . I was so feverish that my life was said to be in danger". On another occasion she swallowed the contents of a large ink-pot, after her mother had made her take some medicine; and "I cried to mamma, 'It is you who have killed me!'" The desire for death—death as a means of scoring off some one, or as an emotional experience—was frequent both in her childhood and in her maturity. When she was appearing as "Zaire", M. Perrin, her manager, offended her in some way, and she was "determined to faint, determined to vomit blood, determined to die, in order to enrage Perrin". An old governess, Mlle. de Brabender, lay dying, and "her face lighted up at the supreme moment with such a holy look that I suddenly longed to die". Fainting was the next best thing to dying, and Sarah, throughout her early career, was continually fainting, with or without provocation. It is a wonder that so much emotional energy as she had to express in swoons, in floods of tears, in torrents of invective, did not utterly wear out her very frail body. Somehow her body fed and thrived on her spirit. The tragedian in her cured the invalid. Doubtless, if she had not been by nature a tragedian, and if all her outbursts of emotion had come straight from her human heart, she could not have survived. It is clear that even in her most terrific moments one half of her soul was in the position of spectator, applauding vigorously. This artistic detachment is curiously illustrated by the tone she takes about herself throughout her memoirs. The test of a good autobiography is the writer's power to envisage himself. Sarah envisages herself ever with perfect clearness and composure. She does not, in retrospect, applaud herself except when applause is deserved. She is never tired of laughing at herself with the utmost good humour, or of scolding herself with exemplary sternness. Of her sudden dash into Spain she says: "I had got it into my head that my Fate willed it, that I must obey my star, and a hundred other ideas, each one more foolish than the other." And such criticisms abound throughout the volume. It is very seldom that her sense of humour fails her, very seldom that she does not see herself from without as clearly as from within. She seems surprised that people were surprised at her sleeping in a coffin; and it still seems strange to her that a menagerie in a back-garden of Chester Square should excite unfavourable comment. Of this menagerie she gives an engaging description. "The cheetah, beside himself with joy, sprang like a tiger out of his cage, wild with liberty. He rushed at the trees and made straight for the dogs, who all four began to howl with terror. The parrot was excited, and uttered shrill cries; and the monkey, shaking his cage about, gnashed his teeth to distraction." Sarah's "uncontrollable laughter", mingled with that of Gustave Doré and other visitors, strengthened the symphony. M. Got called next day to remind Sarah of the dignity

* Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt. London: Heinemann. 1907.

of the *Comédie Française*; whereupon she again had the cheetah released, with not less delectable results. Can we wonder that there were comments in the newspapers of both nations? Sarah can. "Injustice has always roused me to revolt, and injustice was certainly having its fling. I could not", says she, "do a thing that was not watched and blamed."

Now and again she pauses in her narrative to make remarks at large—to develop some theory of artistic criticism, or to handle some large social problem. And in these disquisitions she is always delightfully herself. She is a shrewd and trenchant critic of art, and in her ideas about humanity she is ever radiantly on the side of the angels, radiant with a love of mercy and a hatred of oppression. Capital punishment she abominates as "a relic of cowardly barbarism". "Every human being has a moment when his heart is easily touched, when the tears of grief will flow; and those tears may fecundate a generous thought which might lead to repentance. I would not for the whole world be one of those who condemn a man to death. And yet many of them are good, upright men, who when they return to their families are affectionate to their wives, and reprove their children for breaking a doll's head." That is the end of one paragraph. The next paragraph is: "I have seen four executions, one in London, one in Spain, and two in Paris." Was Sarah dragged to see them by force, as an awful punishment for lapses in the respect due to the dignity of the *Comédie Française*? She appears to have gone of her own accord. Indeed, she waited all night on the balcony of a first-floor flat in the Rue Merlin to see the execution of Vaillant, the anarchist, whom she had known personally and had liked. After the knife had fallen, she mingled with the crowd, and was "sick at heart and desperate. There was not a word of gratitude to this man, not a murmur of vengeance or revolt". She "felt inclined to cry out 'Brutes that you are! kneel down and kiss the stones that the blood of this poor madman has stained for your sakes, for you, because he believed in you'". The wonder is that she did not actually cry these words out. Her reticence must have cost her a tremendous effort. Be sure that she really was horrified, at the time, by the crowd's indifference. Be sure that she really does altogether hate capital punishment. Be sure, too, that she had a genuine admiration for the character of the man whom she was at such pains to see slaughtered. You, gentle reader, might not care to visit an execution—especially not that of a personal friend. But then, you see, you are not a great tragedian. Emotion for emotion's sake is not the law of your being. It is because that is so immutably, so overwhelmingly, the law of Sarah's being that we have in Sarah—yes, even now, for all the tricks she plays with her art—the greatest of living tragedians. If ever I committed a murder, I should not at all resent her coming to my hanging. I should bow from the scaffold with all the deference due to the genius that has so often thrilled me beyond measure. And never has it thrilled me more than through this unusual medium, in this unusual place.

MAX BEERBOHM.

RUBENS, DELACROIX, AND MR. JOHN.

IT is not often that an exhibition is so select as that which Messrs. Sulley are now showing in Bond Street. It consists of only two pictures, and each of them a large work by a master of the first rank. Would that more exhibitions were like this! It is true, the "Four Saints" is more interesting to the student of Correggio's development than representative of the charm of "Correggiosity". The artist was only a youth when this altar-piece was painted; his special gifts were only beginning to be disengaged, and there was nothing in the subject, as commissioned, to provoke and stir his genius. As students, we can please ourselves with noting the true Ferrara touch in the gold and crimson harmonised in the dress of one of the saints; as lovers of beauty, we shall be content to forget the figures and dwell on the background of leafy trees, where the young Correggio already shows himself truly original and a

noble master. Opposite hangs the "Fox and Wolf Hunt" of Rubens; like the Correggio, it is from the Ashburton collection. But there is nothing immature about this great canvas. On the contrary, it is a work of easy and colossal power. It gives the impression that the bringing together of these life-size figures into a single frame and setting them in liveliest action was no laborious effort of engineering but almost an improvisation; that from conception to execution was but the simplest of steps; that it was impossible for the artist to picture the scene of excitement, with its rush and shock, its fury of leaping and biting animals and determined vigour of hunters on horseback or afoot, without a broad natural rhythm asserting itself spontaneously through form and mass. Only great learning in the painter's art, joined to prodigious gift, could achieve such royal mastery of materials. Rubens' method of getting his pupils to paint in his design, and then going over it himself with all his energy fresh, was a very wise one; his economy is our gain. For a painter, such a work as this must be a study of inexhaustible interest, for its inventive power of grouping, for its drawing of movement in living bodies, and for its colouring. The spectator is concerned only with the effect made on him; and that is immense, because Rubens seizes him and draws him into the very centre of the picture's action and excitement by making the figures charge into the foreground from every side. Rubens' manner is scenic rather than realistic in the modern sense; else the effect would be more than one could bear.

How this picture would have rejoiced the heart of Delacroix! Rubens, as we know, was the French master's great exemplar; and Delacroix found endless inspiration in the wild life of savage beasts, which Rubens could paint with such force. There is a difference of course in the treatment of this kind of subject. Seventeenth-century art is still full of the pride and sovereignty of man, while with the nineteenth has come a new conception of his place in nature; it is no longer the frank joy of the hunter that possesses Delacroix and Barye, but the disinterested, yet fascinated, study of the *bête fauve* in its own haunts and hunting its own prey. Readers of Tourgenoff will remember one of his "Petits Poèmes en Prose", a vision of Nature absorbed in readjusting her equilibrium in the life of savage beasts, and oblivious of man, which expresses that new conception with a bitter intensity. Two of Delacroix' finest paintings of wild beasts, a lioness and a lion and hare, are reproduced in a little book which Madame Bussy has devoted to that artist (Eugène Delacroix. By Dorothy Bussy. Duckworth and Co.). Strange to say, it is the first book to be published in English on the subject, in spite of the deluge of books on art which we have had in the last ten years. Yet, whatever opinion we may have of the value of Delacroix' art—and few but fanatics will share Mr. Bernard Shaw's contempt for it—the painter is undeniably a great representative figure, interesting moreover as a personality and as a writer on his art. He has a tie with us in England. He was here in 1825, and passed some happy months with his English friends, Thales Fielding and Bonington. He saw Edmund Kean in "Richard III." and "Othello". He has left on record his admiration for English painting, for Turner, Constable, Wilkie, Lawrence. The naturalness and the power of colouring in the English school strongly affected his own art for a time. Bonington worked in his studio. Later, he was the first to discover what material for painting was to be found in the East; in the actual life of Africa he found a satisfaction for his longings and his dreams. For Delacroix was born into the disillusionment following on the fabulous splendours of the Napoleonic age. "It is the cruel reality of things I flee from", he cried, "when I take refuge in the creations of art." That is the essence of Romanticism; and this violent revolt from actuality justifies our thinking of Delacroix as the chief of the Romantics in painting, though he himself disliked the label. But of what use to escape from everyday existence, some may say, if there is nothing better to escape to than these visions of humanity torn, convulsed, despairing, struggling; these lowering, livid skies; these desolate seas? There is certainly a weakness in the midst of Delacroix'

strength. There is in him too much of emotion for emotion's sake. He is vehemently troubled, but he can never quite express what he feels; he lives in a tumult and seems to see nothing beyond. Delacroix is allied to Michelangelo in his capacity for suffering, his depth of soul; but there is in the externals of his art a good deal that reflects only "Byronic" fashion, for which we have quite lost taste. Thus in the "Faust" designs the sham mediæval costumes look stagey, and incline one at first to pass them by without realising the genuineness of the imagination behind them. Madame Bussy has written a lucid, concise, and stimulating little book, which should help to interest English people in Delacroix. If she errs now and again from excess of enthusiasm, as in attributing to the artist a width of humanity and insight comparable to Shakespeare's, it is a pleasant error. She makes a just criticism in pointing out that Géricault, generally looked on as the man who would have led the Romantics, had he lived, was in essence not of the Romantic movement at all.

I happened to be thinking of Delacroix when I went to see the exhibition of drawings by Augustus F. John, now at the Carfax Gallery. Mr. John has shown such signal gift, and has such magnetic power over his contemporaries, that he might to-day be the acclaimed leader of a new strong movement in English painting; only he seems to have little idea as to whether he is himself moving. Does he lack faith in himself? Is he consumed with the ardour, the ambition, the ingenuous enthusiasm, that burned in Delacroix, and made possible that masterpiece produced by a youth of twenty-one, the "Dante and Virgil" of the Louvre? Mr. John is probably tired of being told that the public waits for a picture from him: yet he ought to be pleased that the public is not tired of expectancy, and still with each new revelation of his gift as a draughtsman wants to have its faith in him glorified by some great adventure of his powers. It may be that, however much he achieves in painting, we shall turn always to his drawings for our most intimate pleasure. But he will never know the fullness of his own capacities till he puts them to a greater test than he has done yet, till he concentrates with single purpose instead of dissipating his mind in easy response to casual inspirations of the moment. I may be wronging Mr. John; he may be preparing in secret to dazzle us with something sustained, complete, inspired; I hope it is so, for the sake of English art.

Nothing could be finer than some of the drawings now exhibited at Bury Street. Mr. John has an almost uncanny gift for seizing the secret of personality, of catching the inevitable gesture of character, of forcing the inner self to look out of the eyes he draws. Yet it is not merely this that arrests us. He gives us the accent and exuberant movement of life, sometimes with charm, as in "Mother and Child" (No. 67), with the baby sturdily seated on vigorous crossed arms of its mother and tossing up an impudent curly head. A number of the studies in portraiture are of triumphant mastery. But beside and above draughtsmanship such as we have rarely had in England, there is a strange, troubled feeling for beauty, undefined hungers and raptures hinted at, which leave a poignant impression like that of certain among Rossetti's earlier drawings. Look, for instance, at the "Study for a Picture: Hark, the Lark!" (No. 13); two girls, one seated, the other standing, looking up and listening with an expression of such intensity as to be almost pain. It is the Pre-Raphaelite mood, vividly true and imaginative, where a thousand painters would be graceful, charming, or sentimental. We want the picture! There are several studies for compositions here, but they seem rather to have filled an idle hour than to have challenged, stirred and gripped the artist's soul. Mr. John has the secret of vitality in figures; but the rhythmic vitality necessary for an organic composition does not come by spontaneous gift alone. I have said nothing of a group of coloured sketches which will astonish the general public and probably cause it either wrath or mirth. In these Mr. John follows Rodin's example, who has exhibited of late years a great number of experimental and instantaneous figure-studies, roughly washed in colour. These interested artists, but there was no

point in showing them to the public; and the same may be said of Mr. John's exercises, though I confess to finding an odd fascination about them, or some of them at least. Mr. John would seem to be afraid lest his own mastery in draughtsmanship should get the better of him, and become something formulated; and to keep his mind free he turns to the grave rudimentary of a child's vision. But he does not quite persuade us that he has a child's ingenuousness.

LAURENCE BINYON.

GYPSIES AND GYPSYING.*—I.

THE old "Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society," to which I had the pleasure of contributing some verses, was suspended. The subject it dealt with was a very special one, and the available material for treating it was easily exhaustible. Fresh material having accumulated, Mr. MacRitchie, Mr. John Sampson, Mr. Scott Macfie and their colleagues are venturing to bring out a new series. The first number of the new series, published last July, was full of interest. And it is gratifying to see that the second issue is, if possible, more interesting still. There are articles by Mr. David MacRitchie; Mr. Walter Gallichan, who writes upon the gypsies of Andalusia; Mr. Bernard Gilliat-Smith, who discourses of the gypsies of the Rhine; Dr. Gjorgjević, who, writing in German, gives us some delightful notes about the Bosnian gypsies, the most interesting and yet the most unknown of all Continental tribes; and Mr. Crofton, who gives a capital account of the famous book Borde's "Egipt Speche". Besides these, there is an article on "The Tinkers' Talk" by that fine gypsologist whom we have lately lost, Charles Godfrey Leland. To begin with the editor's paper upon "Gypsy Nobles". Notwithstanding all the excellent remarks upon the "vayvodes" by Grellmann, on no subject connected with the gypsies of Hungary, Transylvania, Poland, and Lithuania has there flourished a greater misconception than that relating to these gypsy chiefs. Even among gypsologists themselves the idea seems still to be as prevalent as ever that the vayvodes were all members of the Romany race. Of course the very word "vayvode" in its various forms is Slavonic, and without a tinge of Romany suggestion. There are, and always were, among the Romanies certain families of a descent sometimes accounted royal, and sometimes accounted ducal, who, when the gypsies came into Europe, held most likely the title which answered to the Slavonic one of vayvode. But afterwards, when the wanderers had become sufficiently well-to-do to tempt the gentile nobility to despoil them, certain offices were instituted and certain posts were given by the Crown to members of the petite noblesse endowing them with a tyrannous suzerainty over the original Romany chiefs. Among the Romanies themselves, however, this did not in the least weaken the prestige of their own families of potential chiefs, whose ancestral authority had no doubt been brought over from India.

Grellmann tells us that there were formerly two different kinds of vayvodes in Hungary and Transylvania.

"Each petty tribe", says he, "had its own leader; besides which they had four superior vayvodes, of their own caste, on both sides the Danube and Theiss; whose usual residences were at Raab, Lewentz, Szathmar, and Kaschau: to these the smaller vayvodes were accountable. . . . But the gypsies in Hungary and Transylvania were so circumstanced as not to be at liberty to choose any except the small vayvodes of each tribe from their own people, but not the superior vayvodes. These superintendents, to whom the gypsies in many districts were subject, have existed till lately (there is still one in Transylvania who has jurisdiction over the gold-washers); but they were appointed by the Court, and always selected from the Hungarian nobility. It was by no means a despicable appointment, as each gypsy was bound to pay him a guild

* The Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society (New Series).

annually, of which one half is demanded at Easter, the other half at Michaelmas. In order to render the levying this tax more certain, the magistrates in all towns, cities and villages were ordered to assist the collectors, where necessary; to protect them also from any violence that might be offered by the gypsies. These superior *vayvodes* are now no longer appointed, except the single one in Transylvania. But the gypsies still continue the custom among themselves of dignifying certain persons, whom they make heads over them and call by the exalted Slavonian title, *vayvode*. Everyone is capable of being elected who is of a family descended from a former *vayvode*. The particular distinguishing mark of dignity is a large whip hanging over the shoulder."

Commenting upon these words of Grellmann's, Mr. MacRitchie says:

"We find that in Hungary and Transylvania, presumably during the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (as in Poland and Lithuania), there were five or six contemporaneous *vayvodes* or counts of the gypsies who were not of gypsy race, but were distinguished Hungarians and Transylvanians upon whom the Crown conferred these appointments as a reward of merit. Consequently, any reference to gypsy *vayvodes*, during the period in question, must be understood to denote non-gypsies. Their titles, moreover, far from being spurious, were as genuine and legitimate as any in Europe. In Poland, Courland, Lithuania, Hungary, and Venice, the supreme rulers of the gypsies were not themselves of gypsy race. Presumably, they could not even speak Romanes; at any rate, at the date of their appointment to office. But the subordinate chiefs, elected apparently by the gypsies themselves, may be supposed to have possessed the *kálo rat*, or dark blood, although perhaps in varying degrees. It may even have happened that the son of a non-gypsy count, by a gypsy mother, was permitted by the authorities to succeed his father in the office of supreme ruler."

It will be remarkable if the strange historical error of confounding Romany *vayvodes* with Gentile *vayvodes* should survive after Mr. MacRitchie's essay.

Of almost equal charm is Dr. Gjorgjević's article on the gypsies of Bosnia. In dividing the Bosnian gypsies into the White, or true Bosnian gypsies, and the Black, or Wallachian gypsies, he very roughly distinguishes between what I have always considered to be two especially distinct varieties of the Continental gypsies. So marked indeed is the difference between them and all others, that any one might almost question whether the Wallachian gold-washers can properly be called Romanies at all. Notwithstanding their speaking Romany they almost seem to represent some allied race who came to Europe from India at the same time as the well-featured, straight-haired race that we call *Czigáns*.

In Dr. Gjorgjević's description of the Bosnian gypsies I get a confirmation of what, in my pictures of the English *gryengroes*, I have often contended for respecting the potentialities of the Romany race in general. My prophecies as to what the tribe might become, and indeed would become under happier conditions, seem actually fulfilled in Bosnia.

"They are", says Dr. Gjorgjević, "very industrious, never indulge in idleness and are consequently very fairly well off. Out of the eighty houses in *Gojnić* scarcely five could be found in which the stranger who visited them would not be beyond all expectation surprised by a certain air of prosperity. In almost every house the floors are covered with rugs, in many even with carpets, all the handiwork of the women. They distinguish themselves very markedly by their cleanliness from the Servian peasantry. It is very important to note that the *Karavlas* by no means deserve the repute of thieves. The magistrate of *Vlasenica* showed me their 'Village Book', which proved the almost incredible fact that from the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina (1877) to the present day not a single inhabitant of *Gojnić* has suffered punishment for crime. The only entries are for unimportant disciplinary punishments for brawling."

There is one interesting fact connected with Bosnia that I have myself commented upon elsewhere. During

the Turkish rule of the country the wandering gypsies from other countries, when passing through Bosnia, were in the habit of doffing the respectable clothes which they found it politic to put on in travelling through the neighbouring Christian countries, and clothing themselves in their most ragged attire. And this is why they did it: the people of the Christian-governed countries treated with disfavour all signs of poverty, while with regard to the Turkish Bosnians the way to appeal to their hearts was to display as much poverty and misery as possible. Whether it has been so since Bosnia has ceased to be Turkish I do not know.

Naturally to me, having studied the Welsh gypsies a good deal, the most attractive of all these attractive essays is Mr. John Sampson's second instalment of Welsh gypsy folk-tales. In my introduction to *Borrow's "Wild Wales"* I have said that this fine scholar is, probably, the most completely equipped gypsologist now living. Moreover he combines qualities that are rarely found in the same writer—the indomitable patience of the philologist with the breadth of view of the philosophical humorist and often the vivid picturesqueness of the imaginative writer. The readers of the first instalment of Mr. Sampson's essays on the Welsh folk-tales, which appeared in the July number of the *Journal*, will remember his delightful rendering of the "*Black Lady*" (*I Káli Râni*). The folk-tale, "*I Ráikani Múra*", given in this number is still more interesting. "It was taken down", he says, "some years ago from Matthew Wood, who had learned this and his other stories from his paternal grandmother, Ellen Wood ("*Black Ellen*"), a granddaughter of Abram Wood. My fortunate rediscovery of this old *bošimánerô* last August camped near a village on the banks of the *Alwen*, has enabled me to add considerably to my store of tales, as well as to make some precise observations on phonetical minutiae. In listening to long conversations between Wood and his sons, to whom *Romani* is still the mother-tongue, I was struck afresh with a peculiarity of the dialect which had often before impressed me—the unusual freedom of the accent, and the manner in which tonic stress may be varied to reflect the mood of the speaker."

But besides his paper on the Welsh gypsies, Mr. Sampson gives us one of equal value upon the "*German*" gypsies at Blackpool; and here will be seen his fine quality of humorous delineation which I have just alluded to. The story that he gives of the "*Count's Daughter*" is as good as any one of the Welsh gypsy tales, and in some ways, indeed, even more striking.

But here, for lack of space, I am compelled to end the first instalment of this paper in which gypsies alone are discussed. Next week I shall have something to say about gypsying, a very different subject, but more interesting to the general reader.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

HER LAUGH.

HER eyes were clear as mountain brooks,
That glisten in the sun.
And blue as bluest sapphire,
And brimming o'er with fun.
But oh! Her laugh! her silv'ry laugh
Resounded through the air,
As though a hundred fairy elves,
Were making music there.

Her cheeks showed like the rosy dawn
Of some fair summer's day,
From which all trace of dismal cloud
Had vanished right away.
But oh! Her laugh! her silv'ry laugh
Rang out as sweet and true,
As though a thousand tingling bells
Were swinging, out of view.

JOHN S. VAUGHAN.

BIRDS OF THE FIELD.—III.

IT is not only against one or other of the male birds contending, or that would fain contend, for her favours that the ire of our hen Kentish plover may be directed. An intruding female excites it in a still more virulent degree, a thing which would be impossible were she really that pale shadow of a creature—proper rather for a bird-Hades than for this world of hard knocks and strong appetites—which, according to the views of those expert in classification and long accustomed to the handling of specimens, she ought to be. But, in the first place, why should this supernumerary hen play a part in the drama at all? Except it be wholly by chance—in which case there is not the smallest doubt that she would fly like the wind before anyone upon whose rights she thus unconsciously trespassed—*que fait-elle dans cette galère?* But though chance possibly may have first turned her footsteps in the direction of the conflict, it is not that, we may be sure, which for nearly an hour and a half keeps her constantly in its neighbourhood, and brings her at length gradually nearer till she comes within that charmed circle of immediate proximity by entering which she must knowingly throw down the gauntlet to her rival, who has all the while been plainly conspicuous. The latter, with a fury surpassing that which even the most obnoxious male is able to produce, instantly darts upon her, and, being met in a similar spirit, a battle takes place of a far more violent character not only than those bi-sexual ones previously described—which, indeed, since the male always receded, are hardly to be called such—but even than the fiercest that has as yet been waged between the contending cocks themselves. They, indeed, have flown and pecked and struck with the ready wing, but here there is instantly a close grapple in which the two birds—like the rival pipers in the battle between the clans Chattan and Quhele—roll over and over together, their bills fiercely stabbing or gripping one another. So enraged are they that any special methods of offence or defence that may be known to them are thrown aside, and the primitive instinct of flinging oneself upon and clutching an adversary is alone attended to. In this manner the battle for some time rages, whilst the two males, as though ashamed, in the presence of such mortal hate, of their own more formal heroics, or struck perhaps with a sense of impropriety, stand for some moments and look stupidly on. At length, however, the two amazons disengage, or rather there is an attempt, on the part of one of them, to do so, which, becoming more pronounced, develops at length into a frantic struggle to escape. This however is a matter of no little difficulty, and for some moments of perceptible duration for the onlooker, and no doubt much longer to her own sensations, she is detained by her enemy, who, grasping her first near the tail, and finally by one of her tail feathers, seems to put her whole soul into the extreme tip of her bill, for it is on this that she now depends. But the hold gives way at last, and, with her tail intact, even, the worsted hen gets off. Which of the two she is, however, whether the intruding one whose presumption in affecting interest in battles not offered on her account has received its due chastisement, or the rightful queen of the tourney, turned wrongfully away, it is impossible to be sure—or even whether the pretensions of both the combatants have not been equally well-founded from the beginning. Only, as the subsequent behaviour of the female now left in possession is entirely the same as that of the one all the while under observation, we shall perhaps be justified in assuming that it really is she who has conquered her self-proposed rival, and driven her, thus shamed, from the field.

Unless we should be inclined to see in these later and sudden advances a more romantic degree of passion—which, considering the way in which they have been opposed, would not be a generous supposition—this is perhaps the most comforting theory, so as the chances are, if anything, slightly in its favour, let us by all means hold it. Many hypotheses—nine out of ten probably—are held very firmly upon the first of these recommendations, without any assistance from

the second. Here then we have a hint as to the real feelings, in these matters, of one indifferent hen when another gets in her way—as also of this other one; and when a third male now approaches he is attacked and driven off by the reigning beauty in exactly the same manner, both upon his and her part, as in the first case recorded—for I may here say that, as these events took place almost three weeks later than those which formed the subject of a former article, they must almost necessarily relate to another set of birds, and therefore strengthen, or rather confirm, the inference which was to be drawn from these in regard to the habits of the species. This second hen, however, shows more unequivocally, even than the first, that she has ideas—and strong ones—in regard to the rival merits of the two lawful pretendents, as we may call them, to her favour, for, coming now close up to these, she all at once, after what would seem a critical survey of the struggle, attacks one of them very fiercely; and, for a time at any rate, succeeds in driving him too away. If we assume—but this would be a great concession for any staunch opponent of sexual selection to make—that dislike, rather than indifference, has been the inspiring motive of this conduct on our hen's part, it would seem to follow that the remaining male, with whom she is now left, and whom she does not attack, is not disliked by her to a similar extent. This however would come so perilously near to an admission of choice in regard to the male bird on the part of the female that one can hardly expect it from any adversary who is endowed in the way mentioned; for when is staunchness more valuable, or under what conjuncture can it more brightly shine, than when opposed to evidence and even to common-sense? For anyone however who has been impressed, from the beginning, with the strength of Darwin's reasoning in regard to the second of his two great hypotheses, no such difficulty as this exists, and to him it is open to see in these interesting events, and more particularly in the one last recorded, a full confirmation of the truth of his views—which moreover has lately been furnished, with a completeness of observation and under a luxury, as one may call it, of conditions, which the field ornithologist can never hope to enjoy, in the case of spiders. Yet what, it may be asked, has this particular hen Kentish plover, or that other one whose deeds have been previously recorded, not done to show that interest and preference in regard to the opposite sex which it has been so long, though so ignorantly, asserted that she is incapable of feeling? For the best part of a morning, and again during the afternoon, she has watched, followed, or remained in the vicinity of two male birds who were fighting, obviously, on her account. She has approached them frequently—which has always had the effect of making them more bellicose—and, not content with this, has, on several occasions, flung her sword into the balance against one of them, which she has, at last, succeeded in putting to flight. When a third male has desired to enter into the contention she has not permitted it, but driven him too from the field, and, on the approach of another hen, has attacked her with that higher degree of fury proper to personal rivalry, which spirit “shone” equally “through” her enraged opposite.

For the sake of convenience I have in this enumeration treated two birds as one; but for the last of them, the heroine of the present article, one more feat—and certainly it is a deed of derring-do—remains to be recorded. Some time after the enforced departure of the last-routed male, he returns and—for if there be feminine indifference there is also masculine persistency—succeeds in renewing the combat. It is still continuing when an oyster-catcher, without the slightest *arrière-pensée*, enters the arena and is stalking gravely across it. But neither his size nor his innocence protect him. He is attacked half way by the valiant little victress, pauses, hesitates, looks foolish, and at last runs away.

EDMUND SELOUS.

TRIAL EIGHTS AND THE NEW STYLE IN ROWING.

THE rowing of the Oxford and Cambridge Trial Eights was this year of more interest than usual. Since the long slide was first adopted in the middle 'eighties till within the last few months there has been little difference of opinion among rowing authorities in England on the fundamental principles of style. On some points, it is true, coaches differed. One would lay more stress on leg-drive and less on body-form, another would coach chiefly for rhythm and swing and use of the weight, but all held approximately similar views on the ideal to be aimed at. Now, for the first time, there is evidence of an essential variation of opinion. This, needless to say, has been caused by the victories in two consecutive years of a Belgian eight in "the Grand" at Henley Regatta. The Belgians rowed in a style that resembled, if it resembled anything English, rather the old fixed-seat method than that which came into existence with the long slide. True, the man on the fixed seat had to swing his body to get any length of stroke at all, and the Belgians substituted slide for swing; but the stroke in the water was something the same—a short sharp thrust.

The point now at issue is somewhat technical, but it is easily explained. Clearly a man rowing on a seat that moves with his body can reach considerably further forward than one rowing on a seat that is stationary. The oar-handle and the oar-blade in the former case move through a longer arc in relation to the rigger than in the latter. It is argued, therefore, that if the oarsman on a long slide reaches as far forward as possible, his blade executes so long a curve that at the beginning of the stroke it is pushing water away from the boat instead of past it, and at the end of the stroke it is pushing water in towards the stern. This must mean that a certain proportion of the effort he is making has the effect of pinching the boat instead of propelling it. The Belgians avoided this error by shortening their swing forward and back, and applying their utmost force at the moment when their oar-blades were just opposite the riggers. So pronounced was the effort made at the moment of entry that it seemed almost as if they were forcing their boat along by hitting the water, not by putting their blades in and driving them through. On the other hand, the Leander eight, rowing in the Cambridge style of the last few years, reached much further forward and dragged their oars with a long heavy sweep, appearing to do a great deal of work for little result. The victory of the Belgian crew, rowing as they did, was naturally a great blow to our established ideas on oarsmanship, and it is not surprising that among our highest rowing authorities there should be some who now advocate, not the Belgian style pure and simple, but something in the nature of an approach to it. At Oxford, at any rate, this advocacy has had such influence that in the recent Trial Eights one crew was deliberately coached in the shorter, sharper style, and the other according to previously established ideas. At Oxford, therefore, Trial Eights were of peculiar interest as a definite attempt to weigh in the balance two opposing styles. At Cambridge the new theories have so far had less effect, but even here there has been some attempt, as a direct consequence of the Belgian victories, to make an alteration both in method and in rig.

The Cambridge Trial Eights race took place at Ely on 28 November. There is not much to be said about the rowing, except that in style it showed some improvement on the violent labour that has characterised the oarsmanship of recent Cambridge University crews. It was still wanting in beginning and sharpness, but it was less sluggish. In material the Cambridge President seems to be fairly well off. There were several strong men of useful weight, who may shape well if properly coached, and there should be no difficulty in filling satisfactorily the few vacant places in the eight. The race was a poor one, the crews being less equal than they should have been, and one winning easily. At Goring, too, where the Oxford Trials were rowed on Tuesday last, the race was one-sided. As has been said, its interest lay chiefly in the fact that the competing crews had been differently

coached. The Oxford President had attempted as far as possible to make the race a fair test of styles, but it cannot be said that he succeeded. The two eights were chosen as early as was practicable, and the men interchanged until the times taken over a measured distance were as near as might be equal. No. 2 Trial was then handed over to the secretary, Mr. A. C. Gladstone, to coach in the Christ Church style, which is Mr. Fletcher's improvement on that of the Belgians. As five members of this crew were from Christ Church, it was thought possible, even though the time available was short, to accustom the men to the new principles. The experiment, it must be admitted, was a failure. When pressed, the crew were not enough at home with the method or well enough together to do more than scratch along in a way that could hardly be called representative of any style. It also happened that No. 1 Eight, coached in the orthodox way, had come together surprisingly well, and were, not only in individual merit but also in combination, a better crew than is often seen in the race. The result was they went away from the start and won as they liked, increasing their advantage all the way. But, if the test of styles was a failure, the rowing in certain individual cases showed conspicuous merit. Without mentioning names it may be said that among the new men Oxford possess the most promising No. 6 that has been seen in Trials for some time, and that as far as material goes there should be no difficulty in picking an eight unquestionably above the average.

At so early a stage it is, of course, impossible to make any accurate forecast of the result of the Boat Race. Good individuals do not necessarily mean good crews, and, even if they did, it would be only fair to say that both Universities have promising material and should turn out fast eights. This much at least seems certain: Cambridge will not have the easy task in 1908 that was theirs in the two previous years. Much will depend on the question of style and the quality of the coaching. As to style it is not likely that Oxford will adopt the new Christ Church principles. In fact it is generally admitted that, even if these represent in some ways a step in the right direction, in others they are distinctly retrograde. To stop the slide two or three inches short of the line of the rigger should prevent "pinching", and having done this it cannot be necessary so to shorten the stroke and weaken the finish that a crew must row at an increased rate to maintain pace. If this, as seems probable, is an inevitable consequence of the new style, it must be condemned as at least unsuited to a race over a four-mile course. That both crews will arrange their sliding in the way described is almost certain, and, this being so, it may be assumed that Cambridge will drop the so-called sculling style and attempt a firm beginning. Oxford have in theory always held loyally to the old principle of "beginning", though they have not been always successful in achieving it. This year they will undoubtedly do their utmost to attain a sharper, lighter style with an easier recovery. If they succeed, the Oxford crew of 1908 should be a very fine one. In any case it is probable that the two eights will row in styles differing less than during the last few years. In fact it seems likely that the ultimate effect of the Belgian victories will be to drive English oarsmanship back to older and sounder principles, which for a season have been unfortunately discarded.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHAW AND SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The frequent reference, just now, to Mr. Shaw's *Cæsar's* barley-water brings to my mind some lines of Molière which, in their spirit, are perhaps as applicable to the manner of presenting as to that of imitating a great personality. The lines are these:

"Quand sur une personne on prétend se régler,
C'est par les beaux côtés qu'il lui faut ressembler;
Et ce n'est point du tout la prendre pour modèle,
Ma sœur, que de tousser et de cracher comme elle."

Mr. Baumann expresses the opinion—or rather he asserts—that Mr. Shaw has more humour than

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SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 7 DECEMBER, 1907.

A CHRISTMAS BOOK FOR PARENTS.**"English Children in the Olden Time."** By Elizabeth Godfrey. London: Methuen. 7s. 6d.

THE author of this charming and instructive book maintains that we are not any wiser than our forefathers (perhaps not so wise) in our theories and system of training children. Bede and Alfred in Saxon times, Mulcaster and Ascham in the sixteenth and Locke and Comenius in the seventeenth centuries might very well be taken now as authorities on the true aims and manner of education. Comenius was the forerunner of Pestalozzi and Froebel, his method of teaching languages being very like the one adopted by the Berlitz school. Admirable little "books of urbanity" for the instruction of the young were published from time to time, such as "The Babies' Boke" of 1475 and Erasmus' "Little Boke of Good Manners for Children".

Methods of training vary according to the feeling of the age: the Renaissance fervour for learning produced infant prodigies of scholarship; Puritan severity resulted in precocious saints and theologians, eighteenth-century formalism and materialism developed the prig and the "rational" child, while the modern child shares the general modern dislike of trammels and convention of any kind, and is in danger of becoming irreverent and self-willed.

The modern tendency is to prolong the childish age, to delay entrance into the responsibilities of work and marriage. The education of a child in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries began at two. Richard Evelyn, the son of the diarist, could at two and a half years old "perfectly read any of the English, Latin, French, or Gothic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly". Before his fifth year (in which he died) he could write and construe Latin, and "had a strong passion for Greece". He was, of course, a prodigy as well as a little saint, and can hardly be taken as an average specimen of childish capacity; but it was no extraordinary thing for children to be able to read perfectly at four, and to speak Latin at five. A boy's grammar-school education began at seven, he went to the university at thirteen, and was not uncommonly a husband at sixteen. Girls shared their brothers' studies, usually under a tutor, and were, until the end of the seventeenth century, instructed in the dead as well as the living languages. At thirteen Lady Jane Grey read Plato in Greek, and Mary Stuart delivered a Latin speech in public. At the age of seven girls were expected to be able to converse intelligently and with aplomb, and at thirteen to have finished their studies and to be equipped for marriage.

The prolonged immaturity of the modern boy and girl is due to several causes: the necessity for a wider education, the increasing competition that makes the adoption of a profession difficult, the absorption in games to the exclusion of more serious interests, and also to the rise of the child-cult. The ancients regarded childhood as a state of pupillage, to be passed through as quickly as possible, and of importance solely in relation to a future career; filial reverence was accentuated, but actual freedom was attained much earlier.

The modern attitude regards childhood as something important and admirable per se, touching and lovely, and to be prolonged in consideration of its æsthetic qualities. Children are deliberately kept young, and, in some instances, stupid. Everything is brought down to the level of their capacity and made easy for them. The nursery bookshelves are filled with innumerable "children's books", which are for the most part worthless, and are deservedly merely skimmed through. The wonderful childish imagination, which can make castles out of chairs, and invent playthings and games with but the scantiest material, is stunted by the dull perfection of mechanical toys, and surfeited with the abundance of inventions for childish use. The modern child must not be bored or strained, and the result is

these odious cock-sure little mortals, without reverence or fine perception, trained to selfishness and materialism.

Most children are not naturally stupid, they are made so by being forced back on themselves, nourished on foolish books, stupid ideas, and trained by cheap and incompetent nurses and governesses. Let children have some idea of what is wonderful and beautiful and great in the world. It is not necessary to burden their minds with facts or reasoning, but take them into a fine building, a cathedral, for instance, and let the awe and mystery impregnate their souls. Let them sit through a beautiful musical service, or a good concert; they may very imperfectly grasp the meaning conveyed to grown-up people, but they receive a multitude of impressions, their imaginations are stimulated, their minds are set working in a way that no definite instruction will ever make them work. In any case a child learns self-control by the example of its elders, sitting still and silent; and humility, by realising the amazing things that lie outside its experience. Let the little hands stretch as it were beyond the easy reach, and the childish senses be accustomed to beauty. A child does not always naturally prefer bad pictures and silly books, as anyone who works among the very poor knows. The poor child's mind is receptive because it is not swathed in nursery stupidities, or stuffed with conventional rubbish.

Mrs. Godfrey's book is a historical survey of child-life from Saxon days till the end of the eighteenth century; and includes chapters on toys, games, nursery-lore, fairy-tales, and education. In one particularly interesting chapter on Church Schools she points out how disastrously the education of poorer children was affected by the dissolution of the monasteries. The materials for such a history of child-life are up to the seventeenth century very scanty, but in Stuart times the records of domestic history become abundant. Mrs. Godfrey has fulfilled her task in a very competent way, and we can honestly recommend her book as a suitable and pleasant Christmas present for parents.

JOCK OF THE BUSHVELD.

"Jock of the Bushveld." By Sir Percy Fitzpatrick.
London: Longmans. 1907. 6s. net.

NATURE books have been somewhat overdone of late, for now every animal tells its biography in print. No doubt to-day dozens more are being written whereof in due course about five per cent. will be published and come up for review. Therefore it was with some misgivings that we opened "Jock of the Bushveld". Let us say at once that they have vanished, since if there is a more admirable work of its sort it has not come within our ken, though perhaps it will appeal most intimately to a very select circle: those who knew the districts of Southern Africa whereof it treats at or about the time in which the story is laid.

Many readers are undoubtedly satiated with the pretentious records of big-game slaughter which pour yearly from the press. They shrink from the familiar, offensive slang about "Master Stripes", or the "old tusker" who goes off with "something to digest" inside of him. Even though they may have been hunters themselves, they are appalled at the wanton cruelty of the whole business which involves the destruction of so many noble animals (lions, tigers, crocodiles and snakes excepted) to satisfy some rich man's vanity or desire for sport and advertisement. Here, however, there is nothing of this. The work, ostensibly written for the benefit of children but well suited to elders of discrimination, is that of a naturalist, one of the few people who love and observe wild things and can sympathise with and to some extent understand their veiled and mystic being, which is so near to us and yet so far away. The game, too, that was killed went to the pot, a legitimate end, for if a lion or any other beast may take its daily food from among weaker kind, so may a man.

Jock of the Bushveld was a bull-terrier dog of peculiar nobleness and fidelity. Many people have loved one such dog in their lives, though few have had the leisure, patience, or, it may be added, the literary skill

to set out its career in such an attractive fashion. Incidentally, also, it is the story of a part of the life of the owner of the dog, and of this suffice it to say that it leaves a very agreeable impression upon the reader's mind. If all "magnates" (we use the horrid but familiar word with reluctance) even remotely resembled Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, as, with an involuntary brush, he paints himself in these pages, perhaps the recent history of South Africa would present more agreeable features than it does to-day.

Jock's history should be read by all who care for gallantry in man or beast. One or two things may be specially alluded to here, however; for instance, the perfect description of the proceedings and sensations of a person lost in the bush, of which anyone who has undergone that painful experience will recognise the absolute truth.

Again, the drunken Zulu, Jim Makokel. Forget his drink, which after all the white man gave him, and what a man appears! He fought at Isandhlwana and at Slobane, he fought at Rorke's Drift, at Kambula and Ulundi; he fought for Usibepu after Cetewayo was down; his kraal was wiped out and he fought his way through; he killed a lion with his hands; and having all that record behind him became the drunken driver of a mean white. What a falling-off was there! The rich-voiced savage, full of "square-face" gin, clamouring for the meat that his condition craved as an antidote, and the brutal son of light and civilisation cutting him to ribbons with a sjambok because the noise disturbed his sleep. The picture is terrible in its familiar simplicity. Indeed all should be grateful to Sir Percy Fitzpatrick for showing the mean white in his naked beauty. He does it twice, in the instance already mentioned and in that of Seedling and the baboon which he kept to have the joy of seeing the brute tear unwary dogs to pieces. What old South African is there who did not know Seedling and his sort? Only few have the honesty and courage to write of such individuals. Of the sins and the failings of the Kaffir we read much, of his very real virtues and the vices of the white—little. Well, Jock killed the baboon, and afterwards, when away from his master, came himself to a sad end. Peace with him, though peace he will not enjoy. It is a gallant and a well-told tale, and the picture that it paints of life on the low veld is one that will not easily be forgotten by any reader who knows the land, or by many who do not.

TALES OF ADVENTURE.

"The Great White Chief: a Story of Adventure in Unknown New Guinea." By Robert M. Macdonald. London: Blackie. 1907. 6s.

"The Hidden City: a Story of Central America." By Walter Rhoades. London: Partridge. 1907. 2s. 6d.

With the steady spread of discovery the ancient realms of mystery and romance have been sorely curtailed. The mountains of the moon have gone the way of the Garden of the Hesperides. The telegraph and the turbine have done the rest. Cairo has become a suburb of London and Khartoum a suburb of Cairo. There are however yet a few preserves left in Central Africa, South America, and Asia, where the Unknown still exercises its fascinations. But probably the happiest hunting-ground that yet remains for the writer of adventurous romance is the South Seas, and above all that weird land of wonders and contrasts, New Guinea, which Mr. Macdonald has selected for the scene of his "Great White Chief". The plot may be briefly described as an attempt by a band of comrades to rescue their old chief from the fastnesses of a mountain city in the heart of New Guinea. Not the least interesting part of the book are the conversations, which are as amusing as they are unforced. "The Great White Chief" is one of the boy's books of the year. The illustrations are by Mr. W. Rainey.

"The Hidden City" has the same leit-motif for its plot as "The Great White Chief". The brother of one of the principal personages is kidnapped by a mysterious tribe in Central America and carried off as king to their mountain fastness. The story of his rescue after a series of exciting adventures is the pivot of the whole. In place however of the realistic note of "The Great White Chief" we have a romantic treatment of the theme that recalls at times Rider Haggard. The story is none the less highly exciting. The two young heroes, Parsonage and Temple, are, notwithstanding their somewhat churchy names, most excellent company. There is a thrilling

scene in which the would-be rescuers are entrapped in a subterranean passage that leads to the mysterious city, and there is subsequently a fight in the temple that for sheer "bludginess" would satisfy the most exacting of Budeges and Toddles. The Frenchman is sympathetically drawn, but French is not his strong point. He misquotes the well-known phrase "Toujours de l'audace", and he apparently thinks that a middle-class person is called in French "a bourgeoisie". Happily he has few occasions for lapsing into his native language.

"Tales of Troy and Greece." By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans. 1907. 4s. 6d. net.

"The Children's Iliad told from Homer in Simple Language." By the Rev. Alfred J. Church. London: Seeley. 1908. 5s.

Butcher and Lang's Homer has long been a favourite with grown-ups. Now Mr. Lang has attempted a sort of Biblia Innocentium version of the Grecian Book of Books by regrouping the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" into two cycles—one called "Ulysses the Sacker of Cities" and the other "The Wanderings of Ulysses". Quintus Smyrnaeus has also been drawn upon. The result is an excellent narrative that often vividly recalls the original. The rest of the book is made up of the stories of Theseus, of Perseus, and of the Golden Fleece, which are equally interesting, though marred with one or two misplaced modern touches, such as when Theseus is said to have been taller than the tallest Guardsman—an image that somehow inevitably recalls the accompanying nursery-maid and the park in the distance. A special word of praise is due to Mr. H. J. Ford for his beautiful illustrations.

The Rev. A. J. Church has attempted to write a sort of "Peep of Day" version of his well-known "Stories from Homer", entitled "The Children's Iliad". The book contains a large number of attractive Flaxman-like pictures. The main episodes of the "Iliad" are retold in clear and unaffected language. Unfortunately the thread between them is often very slight, while the episodes themselves suffer simultaneously from compression and simplification.

"Rob the Ranger" (6s.), "With Drake on the Spanish Main" (5s.). By Herbert Strang. London: Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton. 1907.

Mr. Herbert Strang's contributions to the Christmas gift-book market this year are as vigorous, stimulating and wholesome as we now expect his writings to be. He sprang into instant popularity two or three years ago, and the responsibility of the position his books then assumed was no light one. Happily Mr. Strang is not spoiled by success nor indifferent to the obligations imposed on him. "Rob the Ranger" is a story of the fight for Canada which ended on the Heights of Abraham, affording an excellent idea of the struggle between Englishmen and Frenchmen, white and redskin, redskin and redskin in the middle of the eighteenth century. "With Drake on the Spanish Main" tells of the miraculous escapes and adventures of Dennis Hazelrig first on a desert island, then on the high seas. Mr. Strang's power of depicting a thrilling situation is matched by a sense of humour which ensures welcome relief at the opportune moment.

"The Quest of the Black Opal" (5s.), "The Pearl Seekers" (6s.). By Alexander Macdonald. London: Blackie. 1907.

Mr. Alexander Macdonald enjoys the great advantage of being able to draw upon his own experiences for the most moving situations, and he has a very happy knack in storytelling. As a straightforward writer of romances he is hard to beat: it were easy to exaggerate the literary quality of his work, but there is a directness about it which holds the attention. From both "The Quest of the Black Opal" and "The Pearl Seekers" the reader may learn that the world still provides ample opportunity for adventure in the search for treasure. The black opal is sought in the interior of Queensland: the pearl among the islands of the South Seas. "Youth never takes risk into account", says Mr. Macdonald, "and often that fact helps considerably to carry a venture through". Mr. Macdonald's heroes, drawn from life as many of them are, do not heed risks, and their ventures generally succeed. Lucky heroes! Mr. William Rainey illustrates "The Quest of the Black Opal" and Mr. Edward S. Hodgson "The Pearl Seekers".

"With Wolseley to Kumasi" (6s.), "Jones of the 64th" (5s.). By Captain Brereton. London: Blackie. 1907.

Captain Brereton always fixes some striking element of interest in the opening pages of his books, so that we are carried well into the story almost before we realise that we have begun to read it. "With Wolseley to Kumasi" starts out with the midnight robbery of all Dick Stapleton's worldly possessions whilst he is sleeping alone in a house near Cape Coast Castle. How he repairs his misfortunes and takes part in the Kumasi campaign forms the subject-matter of an exciting story. "Jones of the 64th" opens with a fight in an English market-town between a sergeant and a farmer, consequent on the ill-treatment of a boy who is destined to play no

small part in assisting Wellesley and Lake to smash the power of the Mahrattas at Assaye and Laswaree. Mr. Gordon Browne's illustrations to the Kumasi book and Mr. Rainey's to the other are an ample indication of the sort of experiences through which the reader is invited to follow Dick Stapleton and Jones of the 64th.

"Trapped by Malays." By G. Manville Fenn. London: Chambers. 1907. 6s.

In this tale of bayonet and kris Mr. Manville Fenn shows all the spirit, the humour and the knowledge of character and place which have made his stories so popular with both young readers and those whose business it is to select books for them. All girls, for obvious reasons, prefer their brothers' books to the generally poor stuff specially produced for themselves, and there are few boys' books which appeal more to girls than Mr. Fenn's. The reason is that he seldom forgets that in the wild parts of the world where the Briton seeks his livelihood if not his fortune the girl is as liable to find herself face to face with danger as the boy. Archie Maine, Minnie Heath, Peter Pegg, Major John Knowle, and old Sergeant Ripsy are the sort of people it does one good to know: fearless, open-hearted, loyal: and we follow their trials and dangers by land and water in Malaysia with a keen regard for their safety. The book is illustrated by Mr. Steven Spurrier.

"The Tiger of the Pampas." By Herbert Hayens. London: Nelson. 1907. 3s. 6d.

The author of "Under the Lone Star" has not disappointed his admirers in the present volume. Though dealing in some measure with history, the tale is primarily one of stirring adventure, and the historical facts are lightly touched upon, with the result that their presence in no way clogs or depresses the narrative, but gives on the contrary an air of reality. The story opens with the overthrow of Spanish rule in La Plata, and relates the wild times that followed when rival claimants struggled for the dictatorship. The chief tussle lay between Quiroga, the so-called "Tiger of the Pampas", the representative of brute force, and Rosas—christened by his followers the White Serpent. In the long run cunning naturally gained the day, and the hero and his father were driven from the Pampas, but the author holds out hopes that they lived to fight another day. Perhaps the gem of the many exciting adventures with which the book abounds is the story of the night the hero passed with a real man-eating tiger. It is so realistic that we would recommend the average small boy not to read it just before going to bed.

"When Lion Heart was King. A Tale of Robin Hood and Merry Sherwood." By Escott Lynn. London: Blackie. 1908. 3s. 6d.

"When Lion Heart was King" deals with the troublous times of Richard I. The king himself is introduced as well as Robin Hood and his "merrie" men, but the connecting link between the various characters is supplied by the boy Wilfred de Lacy, who, compelled to fly from his uncle who has seized his father's estates, takes service under Robin. Together they beard the uncle in Slingsby Castle itself, and barely escape with their lives in consequence. Then follows the famous episode with the Sheriff of Nottingham. Later Richard himself returns, and with the help of the outlaws captures the castle of Nottingham, and his own false brother John. The rest of the story is devoted to meting out poetic justice to the other villains of the piece and the restoration to Wilfred of his father and his home. The book has a fine healthy manly tone about it. The conversations are spirited without being bombastic, and there is a veritable glut of adventures. The story is in fact an admirable blend of history and romance, and as such, one can imagine no more attractive go-between for introducing boys and girls to a study of history for its own sake. The little ones on whom we have tried the story were all agog to learn more of Richard Cœur de Lion.

"Hostage for a Kingdom." By F. B. Forester. London: Nelson. 1907. 5s.

In "Hostage for a Kingdom" Mr. Forester provides his readers with a tale brimful of incident from beginning to end, and it is not a conventional compliment to say that there is not a dull page. He has chosen Spain during the Carlist rising in 1873 as the scene of his story, and his picture of El Cuchillo, the brigand, and of the adventures and sufferings of his two young captives, is well drawn. The summer holiday of Dick Fairbairn and his schoolfellow the young Conde de Arias was almost unpleasantly exciting, and they showed a readiness in emergency which is seldom to be found in older heads, and which makes one inclined to rub one's eyes with astonishment.

"The Playmate." By Charles Turley. London: Heinemann. 1907. 3s.

Happily in real life the dullest children are more entertaining than the puppets which figure in these pages. The following dialogue between the narrator of the story and one of the

boys is a fair sample of Mr. Turley's sense of humour. "Do you think that thirty-four is so very old?" I asked. . . . Joe looked at me steadfastly for a moment, and then shook his head. "Yes, it is old," he replied. "Mother's poodle died last week, and it was only seven. Not that I like poodles, and you haven't even got a wife!" "What has that got to do with it?" I asked. "I don't know," he said, "but I just thought perhaps it might have something."

"The Gold Kloof." By H. A. Bryden. London: Nelson. 1907. 2s. 6d.

The South African veldt has provided writers for the young with fresh pastures which many have been quick to occupy. The adventures of Guy Hardcastle, one of fortune's favourites who was "born to be lucky as well as rich", will be the envy of many a youngster whose admiration will be unstinted for the hero's unflinching success with the gun. There is an atmosphere of optimism in the story which is almost as refreshing as the good fortune of Guy; whatever quarry falls to his gun, it is invariably one of the finest specimens of its kind. The quest for gold and the efforts of Karl Englebrecht, the Boer, to outwit the young adventurer and his friends are strikingly told.

"Under the Flag of France." By David Ker. London: Blackie. 1907. 5s.

In this readable tale of the deeds of Bertrand du Guesclin, which is founded on the old French chronicles, Mr. Ker has infused the spirit of the century which witnessed the greater part of the Hundred Years' War between England and France. The character of Bertrand, who is introduced at the age of fourteen, is carefully drawn, and an encounter between him and a wolf forecasts the pluck and resource which subsequently won for him such a commanding position in France. Scenes characteristic of the brutality and superstition of the times are portrayed in a manner which gives to them a touch of realism, and the book is one which many young people will be glad to add to their library.

SOME SCHOOL AND SEA STORIES.

"The House Prefect." By Desmond Coke. 5s. **"The Pretenders."** By Meredith Fletcher. 3s. 6d. London: Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton. 1907.

"The House Prefect" is an interesting study of a boy, Bob Manders, who on suddenly being raised to the prefectorial purple finds it very difficult to break at once with his former cronies, Dillon and Bates. Several exciting episodes are neatly dovetailed into the story, a midnight whitewashing raid of which the victim is the town statue, followed up by an exciting steeplechase and an equally exciting cricket match. The chief dramatis personæ are clearly and sympathetically drawn. We have most of us met the forcible-feeble headmaster, while the sketch of his son, who is naturally barred on account of his father's position, is equally successful. Mr. Desmond Coke may be pronounced an adept in schoolboy psychology. The atmosphere of too many school stories has a slight suspicion of the private school. "The House Prefect" is true to the public school tradition throughout. It occupies an intermediate position between the crude realism of "Stalky and Co." and the slightly "namby-pamby" sentiment that inevitably recalls the superior academy for young gentlemen.

"The Pretenders" deals with the adventures of two heavenly twins with a fine capacity for innocent mischief. The result is a perfect comedy of errors that threatens at the last to take a tragic turn. The book bubbles over with high spirits. There is not a dull page from cover to cover. Tommy and Peter, with the rest of the small fry in the lower common room, are admirable specimens of the irresponsible small boy, overflowing with energy and spirit. The illustrations to both books are in colour.

"Well Played!" By Andrew Home. 5s. **"Vivian's Lesson."** By Elizabeth W. Grierson. 3s. 6d. London: Chambers. 1907.

Mr. Andrew Home has established his position as a writer of books for boys, and "Well Played!" is likely to be not the least popular of his stories. In the plot he displays considerable originality, and over the disappearance of a small boy from school and the troubles that ensued he weaves a web of mystery which will stimulate his young readers' imagination. In the dramatic incidents of the story, which are treated with no small ingenuity, two schoolboys take a leading part, and the trials through which they pass are sure to be followed with a keen and sympathetic interest.

"Vivian's Lesson" is one of those "goody-goody" stories of an emotional order, with a moral, which appeal to a certain class of mind, though the tone is scarcely the most wholesome for young children. Vivian represents a type of small boy who possesses an ambitious nature combined with a lack of moral courage. It is upon this want of moral courage that the story hangs. He experiences in a painful and pitiful manner the truth of the adage that "one lie needs six to cover it", and the story shows how the misdeeds of one person affect many others.

"Two Scapegraces." By Walter Rhoades. London: Blackie. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Walter Rhoades writes of class-rooms and playing-fields with a sure pen. His heroes are healthy, hearty young rascals, using the vocabulary proper to their kind, and cannot fail to commend themselves to boy readers.

"Twixt Earth and Sky." By C. R. Kenyon. London: Blackie. 3s. 6d.

If a distinct flavour of "The Arabian Nights" pervades "Twixt Earth and Sky", no one can deny that if a couple of middies were dropped from a balloon into the midst of what the author himself calls one of the most extraordinary mountains in the world, hitherto inaccessible to human feet, they might have encountered the surprising adventures which happened to the two youthful heroes and their faithful mulatto henchman José. When one adds that one of the adventures included the appearance of "a beautiful girl, mounted upon a large, fully antlered stag", who turned out to be the daughter of the President of Guatemala, experienced readers of this kind of fiction will realise that the accident which deposited the heroes on that particular spot was in every way a happy one.

"Pigtails and Pirates." By D. C. Metcalfe. London: Blackie. 2s. 6d.

From the thrilling cover, in which a belligerent Chinaman is seen brandishing a weapon over the head of an intrepid English sailor-boy, to the chapter-headings, of which "In the Pirates' Den", "A Costly Revenge", &c., may be taken as examples, there is certainly nothing tame in the volume which records Ned Rodney's first voyage. Perhaps no little boy in the merchant or any other service ever had quite so many adventures crowded into so limited a time before. But as the author has the happy art of making them seem probable, "Pigtails and Pirates" may be pronounced a distinct success.

"With Airship and Submarine." By Harry Collingwood. London: Blackie. 6s.

If anything, the wonderful ship whose flights—it is a little difficult to find the right word to fit so ubiquitous a vessel—are here described is just too wonderful. A ship which has at once the properties of an airship and a submarine, which is fitted up with the most Eastern prodigality, and which can be whisked off at a moment's notice for a little jaunt to the interior of Africa, certainly does put something of a strain on our credulity. But, Mr. Collingwood's premises once accepted, there is no doubt that the doings of the owner of the ship, Sir Reginald Elphinstone, and his friends furnish material for some capital adventures. Mr. Collingwood has a daring imagination, and, it must be confessed, he leaves us a little breathless.

"Frank and Fearless." By W. C. Metcalfe. London: S.P.C.K. 1907. 3s. 6d.

The joy which lads find in tales of daring and freedom will doubtless make many respond readily to the spirit animating the pages of "Frank and Fearless", a story of adventures amongst cannibals. Will Garbet and his friends were evidently born under a lucky star, for the repeated opportunities which presented themselves to the cannibals of San Christoval to devour them were neglected in a manner not a little comforting to future visitors to that district. Readers will be relieved by the appearance of H.M.S. "Audacious" on the scene at the psychological moment, when the pangs of hunger could scarcely have been borne longer and must have clamoured insistently for the adoption of savage manners, which would have tinged the end of the story with sadness.

"When Hawkins Sailed the Sea." By Tinsley Pratt. London: Grant Richards. 1907. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Tinsley Pratt claims historical accuracy for the chief incidents in his narrative of Admiral Hawkins' third expedition to the "Indies", "more particularly the events which occurred at San Juan de Allosa". His account of the defence of the island at San Juan is the most spirited passage in a tale which, though not without incidents of a nature to attract boys, betrays at times a lack of that actuality which appeals so strongly to the young. It cannot be said that the illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book.

INTENDED FOR GIRLS.

Books specially intended for girls are, on the whole, a sane batch this year. Of course, there is the usual maudlin atmosphere here and there: and the usual boarding-school story, accentuating all the wrong features of school life with utterly unreal effect, still flourishes. But there are signs that the mass of girl literature is being leavened with humour and good sense. Most of the better books have the misfortune to appeal to the parent, and would tend to confuse the child. The record, for instance, of a young girl's pertness and the shrewd sayings

with which she makes her elders uncomfortable, is readable and lifelike enough, and amusing to those elders who have no schoolgirls to go and do likewise. It might easily be a disastrous gift to an imitative young person of fourteen.

"*Mysie, a Highland Lassie*", by May Baldwin (Chambers. 5s.) has a tendency of this sort. It is the tale of an original, quite lovable small girl, with an imagination too big for her. The style of the writing is a little feeble, except in the dialogue, which is always natural and unforced. Mysie's novels are quaint and amusing; and her parents and sisters have some claim to be considered live folk.—A certain happy spontaneity, combined with a thorough knowledge of her little world, has always made Miss Baldwin's school stories popular. Her latest is "*The Follies of Fifi*" (Chambers. 3s. 6d.). The school is French, and one too which she would seem to have known from the inside. It was at St. Odain, a tiny French frontier town, that this "*École pour Jeunes Filles*" was carried on by the good sisters Mademoiselle Courbevoie and Mademoiselle Mariette. From the first day of her entry, Fifi, the redoubtable little French heroine, might have had any member of the school for friend or slave. Instead she struck up a friendship with English Annie Smith and German Paula Newberg. And while the life of the little school became inextricably mixed with political issues such as the expulsion of poor Monsieur le Chanoine by the town council, or the rescue of Alsatian deserters, English readers will find no less interesting the record of the daily routine of a French school-girl's life.

"*A Discontented Schoolgirl*." By Raymond Jacoberns. (Chambers. 5s.)—Breezy and wholesome is the work of Raymond Jacoberns. Moreover she has a real claim on our gratitude, since it was she who broke away from old insipid traditions of the ordinary girls' school story to record the life of the natural girl as lived in the large public and high schools throughout the country, where she is governed by the same code of honour as her brother and liberally avails herself of his mode of speech. Miss Jacoberns' heroines are generally characterised by a good deal of saving naughtiness, a quality in which Annette Warwick, the discontented heroine of the present story, is by no means deficient. Another book by Miss Jacoberns is "*A Bad Three Weeks*" (Wells Gardner. 2s. 6d.), an entertaining story on familiar lines. Quite one out of every ten books for little girls begins with the quartering of some lively children upon sedate grown-ups, and the complications that follow. Everything happens much as usual in "*A Bad Three Weeks*": but it happens very brightly. "*That Imp Marcella*" (Chambers. 3s. 6d.)—a third story by Miss Jacoberns—is pretty much what its title suggests. Tempestuous children are sometimes almost as tedious to "grown-ups" in fiction as they can occasionally be in real life. Children love to read of them, however. "Tell me a story about a naughty little girl" has always been a heartfelt request. Marcella is naughty enough for two. Being French, her naughtiness has some charm, and the story of her is quite readable. Why does the author speak of her as the daughter of "a college-man"?

"*Teddy: her Book*." By Anna Chapin Ray. (Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)—It has been said that there is something of Louisa M. Alcott about Miss Ray, and this story of sweet sixteen will go far to confirm the impression. Miss Ray's girls are every bit as lovable as certain little women and little wives, and Theodora, otherwise Teddy, is a delightful girl, her hot temper notwithstanding. We cannot help feeling very angry with her when she cuts off her lovely curls because Hope will not "let her alone", but this wilfulness only serves to throw her nobler qualities into relief. Her devotion to ailing Billy is of the tenderest, and her achievements in other directions are so well treated by the author that the quiet chronicles are never lacking in interest. The story is illustrated in colours by Mr. Robert Hope. In "*Janet*" (Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.) Miss Ray treats, wholesomely enough, of boys and girls together. Their relations have just the touch of sex that real life would give them. Otherwise it is not a "juvenile" novel, but simply a boy-and-girl story. Janet is a very fine little creature, human in her failings and virtues and downright in her speech. English parents will like the book, among other reasons, because it gives a really excellent picture of winter-life in Quebec and the outlook of the inhabitants compared with our own.

"*Betty's First Term*." By Lillian F. Wevill. (Blackie. 3s. 6d.)—Betty, of course, does not like being left behind when her father and mother have to take a voyage. The first term at a boarding-school, with parents far away, necessarily involved certain terrors which are not nearly as serious in fact as in imagination, and Betty in due time confesses that she had no idea school was such fun. She becomes one of a coterie of her own age, and her schoolgirl excitements and the scrapes in which she finds herself are sufficiently real. Miss Wevill writes with a lively sense of the importance of character development in her young people, and the tone of her book is healthy.

"*The Queen's Favourite*," by Eliza F. Pollard. (Blackie. 2s. 6d.) is a pretty and mildly exciting story woven round the

restoration of Charles II. The queen's favourite is a beautiful girl named Agnes Beaumont, whose origin is a mystery which is cleared up half-way through the book; the Plague, the Great Fire of London and the war with the Dutch all provide Miss Pollard with opportunities for imparting a measure of information and colour at the same time that she holds her reader concerned in the fortunes of the heroine. The story is illustrated by Frances Ewan.

"*Nina's Career*," by Christina Gowans Whyte (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.) is better stuff than most. The author was awarded the "Bookman" prize of a hundred pounds for the best girls' story not long ago. She has originality, sympathy, humour, and a good many other qualities which are useful in the writing of any kind of book. Nina and her friends are real girls, sometimes children and sometimes little old women, after the manner of the genuine article in its transition stage. It is a relief, too, to see a beautiful "society" mother for once treated as a lovable figure. Altogether the book has grace and strength, and will count among the best of its kind for this year.

"*The Deerhurst Girls*," by H. Louisa Bedford (Nelson. 2s.) is practically a novel. The style is weak and studded with clichés, such as the false use of the word "strange". "A strange look of tenderness stole over his face as the door was pushed open and a child entered, bearing between two careful hands the jug of milk that she had been to fetch." There is nothing "strange" in a father's "look of tenderness" at his only child in such circumstances: but the word has become an empty fashion with a certain stamp of writer. The psychology of the book is better than its literary side. The people behave much as a careful observer would find that they behaved in real life, given their characters and circumstances.

"*Troublesome Ursula*," by Mabel Quiller-Couch (Chambers. 3s. 6d.) is a charming little story. The pictures by Mabel Attwell are so very quaint and pretty that it seems ungracious to find fault with them. But the fact is (and children will be very quick to notice it) that they do not represent anything that the author has written about. Little girls will be charmed with Ursula and even breathlessly interested in her. They will realise that she is a motherly, rather "elegant" little girl of eleven (the old adjective is sometimes necessary still), with tasteful garments and long, luxuriant hair. Then they will turn to the tiny, podgy maiden of six or thereabouts, with the funny wisp on her neck, and cry aloud in wrathful disappointment. The pictures are not Ursula, but they are delightful.

"*Barbara's Behaviour*," by M. Bramston (S.P.C.K. 2s.) breaks some fresh ground by taking Barbara and most of the other people in the book to China with some missionaries, and involving them in the Boxer riots of 1900. There is a girl-martyrdom in the story, drawn from life, but carefully stripped of its cruel or hysteria-provoking accompaniments. Too much is not made of the episode, which is yet sufficiently pathetic. The style of the book is kept down to the level of rather young understandings.

It is nice of Dr. Gordon Stables to give the girls a chance. There is a good deal of Scotch in "*A Little Gipsy Lass*" (Chambers. 3s. 6d.), but girls will forgive many a "Hoots!" for the sake of the story and the life and vigour in it. It is breezy all through, and has the most thrilling illustrations, showing people thrown out of boats, drifting on dark seas, and so on. It weakens towards the end. "Father, I cannot, will not do this!" and speeches of the kind, suggest melodrama. But on the whole it is a successful story.

"*Philip Okeover's Pagehood*," by Gertrude Hollis (S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.) is a fairly spirited story of the peasants' rising of the Middle Ages. The language is managed with some little skill: and though there is here and there a wooden ring, suggestive of careful study of a period rather than inspiration by a subject, still the thing might have been done far worse, and is worse done every day. "A Scholar of Lindisfarne" was better work. But there are many good points in "Philip Okeover".

"*The General and his Daughter*," by Frances Armstrong (S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.) is a big handsome book for its price, but the contents are rather poor stuff. There is a tame, unreal murder, and a lame, unreal love affair in it; and the punctuation is chiefly done with commas.

FAIRY STORIES AND OTHERS.

"*The Olive Fairy Book*." By Andrew Lang. Illustrated by Henry Ford. London: Longmans. 1907. 6s.

"*The Peter Pan Picture Book*." By Alice B. Woodward and Daniel O'Connor. London: Bell. 1907. 5s. not.

Messrs. Andrew Lang and Henry Ford, Miss Alice Woodward and Mr. Daniel O'Connor are easy rivals for the first place among the children's book-makers this year. Mr. Lang's contribution to the "Fairy Story" collection consists in the introduction which as editor he is of course bound to give. It is always admirably done, and he generally manages to strike

a fresh note. Mrs. Lang does the bulk of the work of translation and Mr. Ford supplies the charming illustrations which do so much to popularise these books. As usual the stories come from many sources, and all bear more or less of a family likeness. There is only one point of criticism to be made of this particular Fairy Book. Mr. Lang says "what children do love is ghost stories": we doubt whether they love or should read gruesome stories. The Punjabi story of "The Five Wise Words of the Guru" tells of a giant who carried about with him the skeleton of his once lovely wife. The idea is sufficiently unpleasant in print, but Mr. Ford has emphasised it by illustrating the giant with the skeleton in his arms. It is calculated to give the small person unwholesome dreams. Skeleton apart, the story is an excellent one.

The sort of ghost the child mind really loves is that embodied in Mr. Barrie's Peter Pan, the small person who could never grow up because he had elected to spend his life with the fairies, or rather with the Lost Boys of the Never-Never-Land. He did not want to be a man but always to be a little boy and have fun. Mr. Daniel O'Connor and Miss Woodward have caught the quaint conceits of Mr. Barrie's delightful story. As Mr. O'Connor says, "there are few nurseries in the land in which Peter, Wendy, Tinker Bell, Captain Hook and his pirates, the Mermaids and the Redskins and the exciting world in which they lived are not as familiar as the most time-honoured lore of fairyland". Not all children have seen "Peter Pan" on the stage. Whether they have or have not done so, they will appreciate Miss Woodward's pictures to the full. The book is indeed what it purports to be, "The Peter Pan Picture Book", all the illustrations being in colours.

With the lapse in the copyright of Lewis Carroll's masterpiece it was to be expected that rival editions would appear. Mr. John Lane publishes "*Alice in Wonderland*" in one form, with illustrations, some in colour, by Mr. W. H. Walker (1s. 6d. net), and Mr. Heinemann in another (6s. net) with illustrations by Mr. Arthur Rackham and a poem by Mr. Austin Dobson excusing Alice's change of Costume from Tenniel to Mr. Rackham. The change is drastic and will not meet with universal approval; but then Alice had no choice. Mr. Rackham's illustrations are naturally the more of a shock the more familiar we are with the only Alice in Wonderland known for so many years past. They may be in Mr. Rackham's "happiest" vein, but Lewis Carroll would not recognise his own child.

In "*The Enchanted Castle*" (Unwin. 6s.), as in "*The Story of the Amulet*", Miss E. Nesbit has taken a set of absolutely natural children and dropped them into adventures as wonderful as ever happened to Aladdin. And to make the story all the more real the heroes and heroines of these amazing episodes, so far from bearing their vicissitudes with the stolid placidity which characterised their predecessors, are as immensely surprised and colloquially emphatic on the subject as would undoubtedly have been their small readers themselves in like circumstances. In "*The Enchanted Castle*" the delightful little people who in no way differ—although the same cannot be said of their experiences—from the denizens of most nurseries and schoolrooms, discover a magic ring the possession of which involves them in all sorts of magical experiences.

"*The Story of the Weathercock*" (Blackie. 6s. net) is the work of those highly successful collaborators Miss Evelyn Sharp and Mr. Charles Robinson. It was a very happy idea to use the weathercock on the church steeple as a means of observing the doings of children and fairies. From his coign of vantage the weathercock could see further than anyone else—"right over the edge of the world", in fact, and "all round the sun and all round the moon". Mr. Charles Robinson enters with zest into the task of illustrating the quaint nonsense of the book.

Miss Helen Stratton has done for "*Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales*" (Blackie. 6s.) in the way of illustrations in colour and black and white what she did for Grimm. She adorns a fairy tale very happily, and her drawings will assist the imagination to regard the stories as dealing with realities, though, as Hans Andersen says in "*The Leaping Match*" between the flea, the grasshopper, and the frog, they may not be perfectly true even when they are printed in a book.

"*Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights*" (Dent. 6s. net) are edited and arranged by E. Dixon, with illustrations by John D. Batten. The text, Mr. Dixon explains, is that of Galland in 1821, slightly abridged and revised, "the edition being designed 'virginibus puerisque'".

"*The Unlucky Family*." By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)—Mrs. de la Pasture does not try her hand for the first time at a story for young people. In both "*A Toy Tragedy*" and "*The Little Squire*" she showed her knowledge of child life and power to appeal to children of all ages. "*The Unlucky Family*" is a diverting blend of extravaganza and reality. Of course a family of thirteen could expect nothing but misfortunes, though the inheritance of great wealth and a fine country house ought not to be considered among them. Many mirth-moving accidents occur at Finch Hall, and when a great

discovery takes them back to their old home near the Crystal Palace, though happily with a much augmented income, they none of them seem to have had serious regrets. Mr. E. T. Reed's wholly characteristic illustrations add to the extravaganza side of the book, which no doubt will be in ready demand among gift-buyers during the next fortnight.

"*The Pendleton Twins*." By E. M. Jameson. (Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.)—Adventures are to the adventurous even when they happen to be only twin babies, and the Pendletons—already familiar to the small person who looks to Christmas to provide new friends in the shape of books—were always in some more or less domestically thrilling situation. The disappearance of the twins in an old smuggler's cave is calculated to put the reader in the nursery in a fever of anxiety as to their fate. Mr. S. B. Pearce illustrates the story in colours.

"*The Little City of Hope*" (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.), by Marion Crawford, is a touching and inspiring story of an inventor who after many sacrifices and much endurance realises his hopes on the eve of Christmas. It is a story which will delight both children and grown-ups, it is so exquisitely told.

"*Bedcoat Captain*" (Murray. 6s.) is described by the author, Alfred Ollivant, as a "poetry-story", whatever that may be, and as having "no personal or political significance whatever". We may add that for us it has no significance of any kind, and seems very dull nonsense; but the Graham Robertson illustrations are so good that they may well persuade people to buy the book.

"*Dick's Angel*" (Constable. 3s. 6d.), by Mrs. Hohler, is the story of a quite remarkably unpleasant little girl who is tamed by the somewhat unlikely troubles her wilful ways bring upon her.

"*The Little Guest*" (Macmillan. 4s. 6d.) is another tame, prim little story by Mrs. Molesworth.

"*The Brushwood Boy*" (Macmillan. 6s.), by Rudyard Kipling, consists largely of coloured illustrations by E. F. Townsend, and blank pages. Mr. Kipling makes his slender story appear the size of the average book by having it printed on only one side of the page. It is a good history of the life of a clean-minded young English officer, from his babyhood upwards, and there is plenty of incident in it to interest boys, though they may not altogether appreciate the picturesque dream-romance which "Georgie" shares with the little girl-friend of his youth.

"*Soraggles*" (Chatto & Windus. 2s. 6d.) is a sentimental little story by G. W. James of a sparrow, illustrated with photographs of the actual bird, which was the affectionate and devoted companion of the author for the three months of its little life. It will probably make tender-hearted children cry.

"*Bumblebees*" (1s. 6d.) and "*Childhood*" (3s. 6d.), published by Chatto & Windus, are both excellent gift-books for quite little children. The rhymes and illustrations by Githa and Millicent Sowerby are deliciously quaint and pretty, and much above the average.

"*Songs for Little People*" (Constable. 3s. 6d.) is a new edition of Norman Gale's delightful little poems, which have already attained popularity. The illustrations by Helen Stratton are pretty, if a little amateurish.

"*Another Book of Verses for Children*" (Wells Gardner. 6s.) is a collection by E. V. Lucas of poems suited to the comprehension of intelligent children. Blake, Byron, Cowper, Charles Lamb, and nearly all the better known poets are represented; there are ballads and nonsense rhymes and moral verses. It is in fact a treasure-house of poetry of the simple kind. The illustrations by F. D. Bedford are excellent.

"*The Story of Isis*" (Dent. 2s. 6d.) is an "Egyptian wonder-tale" told and illustrated by Lily Schofield, with pretty delicate coloured pictures. She has pieced together from various sources the popular myth, and tells it in an attractive way.

"*A Wonder-Book of Old Romance*" (Wells Gardner. 6s.) contains the romances of "Havelok the Dane" and "Guy of Warwick", besides stories belonging to the Arthurian cycle such as "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight", told in a rather dull and pedantic way by E. Harvey Darton, and fairly well illustrated by A. G. Walker.

A dainty series at 1s. 6d. net each, entitled "*The Children's Bookcase*", is sent out by Messrs. Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton. It includes "Granny's Wonderful Chair", by Frances Browne, "Cap o' Yellow", by Agnes G. Herbertson, and "The Old Nursery Stories", by E. Nesbit. The illustrations are in colour and are by W. H. Margetson and F. V. Poole.

"*Every Child's Library*" is another charming series of small volumes, with illustrations in colour, issued by Mr. Heinemann at 2s. net in leather, and 1s. net cloth, and prepared by Mr. Thomas Cartwright. The four volumes to hand are "*Old Myths of Greece and Rome*", "*One for Wod and One for Lok*", "*The Seven Champions of Christendom*", and "*Sigurd the Dragon Slayer*".

(Continued on page 3.)

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"Fairies I have Met" (Lane. 3s. 6d.) is chiefly remarkable for the lovely coloured illustrations by Edmond Dulac. The stories are pretty, but not as interesting as the pictures.

"The Story of Beauty and the Beast" (Lane. 10s. 6d.).—This is a fairy-story for grown-ups, though it will probably delight children too. The story is told at almost too great length, but very finely and in exquisite language, by Ernest Dowson, a poet whose premature death occasioned so much regret; and the illustrations are four very beautiful plates in colour by no less an artist than Charles Conder. They are eighteenth-century in feeling and design, in harmony with the delightful dix-huitième manner which the author of the translation has adopted. It is altogether a sumptuous book and a most enviable possession.

THE ROMANCE OF THINGS.

Messrs. Seeley, this year as last, send out a considerable number of books dealing with the romance of things. "Heroes of Pioneering," by E. Sanderson, and "Heroes of Missionary Enterprise," by Claud Field, tell true stories of the adventures of men who have opened up savage lands either for purposes of settlement or in the cause of religion. "Adventures in the Great Forests," by H. W. G. Hirst, and "The Romance of Savage Life," by G. F. Scott Elliot, may be said to give another phase of the same subject, Mr. Hirst's book describing the excitements, perhaps a little exaggerated occasionally, of sport and exploration, Mr. Scott Elliot's the customs, the superstitions and the adventures of the aboriginal. "The Romance of the World's Fisheries," by Sidney Wright, takes us into the perils of the deep, whilst "Adventures on the High Mountains," by Richard Stead, lead us as high above sea-level as adventures can be found. Mr. Edward Gilliat describes "The Romance of Modern Sieges" from Gibraltar (1779-1782) to Port Arthur (1904), and Mr. Charles R. Gibson explains the discovery and achievements of the camera in "The Romance of Modern Photography". The purpose of these books is made sufficiently clear in their titles. Attractively bound, well illustrated and brightly written, they should make acceptable and useful presents for young people who prefer fact to fiction. They are published at 6s. each. In "How It is Made" (Nelson. 3s. 6d.) Mr. Archibald Williams describes in simple language the making of things from the raw materials. He deals with a great variety of manufactured articles, from paper to pens, from biscuits to wrought iron, from motor-cars to knives and forks, from cotton goods to chinaware. For this purpose he has visited leading factories throughout the country, and the book is consequently technically trustworthy, however untechnical in its terminology. Mr. A. B. Tucker in "The Romance of the King's Army" (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), and Mr. Edward Fraser in "The Romance of the King's Navy" (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), recount some of the more heroic doings of the two services during the past fifty or sixty years, Mr. Tucker devoting one chapter to the women who follow the drum. In "The Romance of Every Day" (Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) Miss Lilian Quiller-Couch is concerned with the civil side of heroism. Her heroes are doctors and divers, telegraphists and railway men, miners and servant-girls.

Romance of a different kind enters into "The Children's Book of the Stars," by F. E. Mitton (A. and C. Black, 6s.). The author seeks to put scientific facts in a simple form, which

may be read aloud to children of seven or eight years of age. Simplicity of phrasing notwithstanding, we imagine the book will be more interesting to boys and girls in their teens—or even beyond. Mr. T. C. Bridges adds to the animal series published by Messrs. Black "The Life Story of a Squirrel," told by the squirrel himself, his exploits and adventures in the woods being illustrated in colours by Mr. Allan Stewart. It is remarkable how exciting a time a squirrel can have with the aid of a mere man's imagination. Mr. Edward Step has for many years been the boys' and girls' authority on nature, and that his efforts are appreciated is shown by the issue of the third edition of "By Seashore, Wood and Moorland" (Partridge, 2s. 6d.), in which he describes not only the obvious things of interest but the unconsidered trifles of lane and stream and wood and shore. "The Fairy Land of Living Things" (Cassell, 3s. 6d.).—The photographs alone, especially those of birds, would make this little book valuable; it is besides a storehouse of information, simply and clearly arranged, and well within the comprehension of children, who are stimulated to observe and inquire for themselves.

"Nature Stories from Many Lands," by Jennie Chappell (Collins' Clear Type Press), is another collection of facts about birds and beasts served up in the form of fiction. Miss Chappell has gone to many authorities for her material, and both the letter-press and the coloured pictures will interest young people. But is it really necessary to throw natural history into the form of fiction in order to make it attractive to the small mind? It is rather farcical surely to read of Mrs. Kangaroo's surprise that Mrs. Antelope has no pockets. Miss Chappell has been a patient student of nature both animate and inanimate, and her book is full of useful elementary information as to lions and tigers, red deer and birds, insects and shellfish, and the rest.

Mr. Carey has the gift of being able to write on scientific and technical matters in a way that will ensure the attention of the young reader. In "The Mammoth Hunters" (Greening, 6s.) he deals with the cave-dwellers of prehistoric Britain. The book is full of curious and interesting matter about Palæolithic and Neolithic man. The prologue introduces four young people engaged in exploring a cave, and their discoveries lead up to further investigations and a fuller account of the whole subject. By making the doings of the young cave explorers his excuse Mr. Carey is able to tell what he has to say in an entertaining and informal way. For young people with a leaning towards nature studies this is a capital book, and should encourage interest in the story of the earth and of man.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"George Alfred Henty." By G. Manville Fenn. London: Blackie. 1907. 7s. 6d. net.

George Henty at this season of the year during a third of a century delighted so many thousands of readers of all ages that no story could be more welcome than that of his own stirring life. Nor could we look for a biographer better qualified to undertake the task of telling it than Mr. Manville Fenn, his friendly rival in popularity. Unfortunately Mr. Fenn has not risen to his opportunity quite as we should have expected from a knowledge of his rattling well-told tales of adventure. No doubt he had some difficulty in collecting data; that it was a work of love we realise on every page. But the book seems to have been hastily written. Mr. Fenn's forte is fiction rather than fact. All the same the biography contains much that is interesting and fresh, and will enable the reader to understand to what extent Henty drew upon his own adventurous experiences for his material. In the Crimea, the Italian war, Abyssinia, the Franco-German war, Ashanti, Spain, India, Turkey, Henty played the part of soldier and war correspondent, and laid up a rich store of incident for future use. Mr. Fenn's fault in the writing of this book was Henty's in the preparation of his stories. He took great pains to be sure that the fact which leavened his fiction was trustworthy, but when he came to the writing he said he considered a good day's work was the dictation of 6,500 words. At that rate he would turn out a book of 150,000 words in a month, and the wonder surely is that his stories were as good as they proved to be. The secret of his success was to be found in his wealth of imagination, his knowledge of history, and his character-drawing. He made his heroes live and he managed to infuse into them much of his own delightful manliness. His life was full of courage, resource and achievement; he loved his yacht, his club and his home equally well, and the mere record of what is known of his doings will assuredly appeal to a host of friends, known and unknown, throughout the world.

"The Ingoldsby Legends", illustrated by Arthur Rackham (Dent. 18s. net) is a larger, more handsome, and thoroughly revised reproduction of the edition of 1898, the success of which warrants the reissue. It was the aim of the publishers to make this the édition de luxe of the "Ingoldsby Legends", and in every sense of the word, as far as pictures, print, paper and general get-up go it may claim to be that. It does however

(Continued on page xii.)

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"The Century Magazine" (May to October, 1907, 10s. 6d.) contains the variety of interesting papers and admirable illustrations, many in colours, for which we look in this miscellany. Among the outstanding features in the present volume are articles on Lincoln, Whitman, and Grant.

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Shakespeare but yields to him, somewhat, in pathos. But surely there is as much to be said for the one claim as the other, since if Mr. Shaw has not written anything quite so moving as the last scene in "King Lear" or in "Antony and Cleopatra" or Acts 3 and 4 of "King John" or Act 3 in "Measure for Measure", &c., neither has he produced, up to the present, a Falstaff, a Nurse, or a Pistol. I cannot help thinking, therefore, that Mr. Shaw is quite as superior to Shakespeare in pathos as he is in humour.

I am, Sir, yours &c., E. S.

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To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

65 Springfield Road, St. John's Wood.

SIR,—Sir Lewis Morris' poem "Two Voyages" commences in a strain so similar to that of a portion of Antonio Fogazzaro's "Miranda" as to suggest what is termed unconscious plagiarism. In the case of the latter, the lover Enrico refers to the divergence of vessels in their course when the influence of his uncle induces him to give Miranda up. Sir Lewis Morris likewise utilised the ships in mid-ocean simile to denote how two souls drift apart. His lines commence:

"Two ships which meet upon the ocean waste,
And stay a little while, and interchange
Tidings from two strange lands, which lie beneath
Each its own heaven and particular stars,
And fain would tarry; but the impatient surge
Calls, and a cold wind from the setting sun
Divides them, and they sadly drift apart,
And fade, and sink, and vanish, 'neath the verge."

Fogazzaro is rather more concise with:

"Dolce Miranda, addio. Talor due navi
S'incontran nell' Oceano deserto.
Arresta l'una presso all' altra il fianco
E palpita sull' onda; lente lente
Si disgiungono poi, s'affolla a poppa
Di qua di là tutta la gente; addio
Addio!"

Your correspondent appends his rendering of the above:

"Adieu, Miranda, in mid-ocean's waste
Sometimes two vessels meet and side by side,
Rock'd by the sea-swell, stay, then without haste
The twain do separate; ere sea divide,
Each stern is throng'd by gazers; sweet, farewell,
Farewell!"

Sir Lewis Morris was older than his Italian contemporary, but the latter wrote "Miranda" in quite early manhood. Hence some speculation as to whom the conception must have come first.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
ALGERNON WARREN.

AN AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Northwood, Middlesex, 5 December, 1907.

SIR,—In your edition of 23 November your reviewer, in a review where he lumps together and practically condemns the recent literature about Spanish America, gives an ill-considered paragraph to my book on Peru, "The Andes and the Amazon". Will you allow me to say, in the interests of fair play, that your reviewer's statements show that he cannot have read the book, and that they are misleading and damaging? In addition to this he concludes with an insulting reference to the author because the latter's portrait is placed as frontispiece to the book. This was placed there by desire of the publisher, and in any case should not be a matter for rude and almost libellous comment. I consider that your reviewer owes me an apology for this affront.

I am yours truly,
C. REGINALD ENOCK.

[Our correspondent should say that the SATURDAY REVIEW, if anybody, not the reviewer, owes him an apology. He is free to object to our strictures on his book; we see no reason to qualify them. As to his portrait, no doubt the publisher wanted it for a frontispiece; but was it put there without the author's consent? If it was, he is free from blame and we withdraw any censure of him in this connexion, and transfer

it to the publisher. If he consented, we have nothing to withdraw. The practice of publishing authors' portraits is an irritation and an offence that needs to be checked.—ED. S. R.]

PARSIMONY IN EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Harcourt Road, Sheffield, 12 November, 1907.

SIR,—Mr. Gawen Gogay wishes to see the introduction of hygiene and physiology into our schools as an antidote to intemperance; and Dr. Kerr's latest report shows how great is the necessity for increased attention to the physical condition of school children. But if time for these matters is to be found in school hours, the "intellectual" burden, which is already oppressive and becomes yearly heavier, must be lightened; in other words, we must revise the whole scope and range of elementary education. Thus Dr. Kerr suggests that a course of hygiene would be more valuable to teachers in training than "music, needlework, or foreign languages". The ease with which intelligent children can now move on to secondary schools ought to render the simplification of the elementary school syllabus an easier matter than it would have been a few years ago.

Dr. Kerr's report makes it clear that a great deal of individual attention is given to defective children. Thus the eighteen hundred pupils in the two dozen cripple schools of London keep busy thirty-five ambulance carriages and twenty-four nurses, in addition, of course, to their teachers, who are more highly paid and have fewer children to teach than is the case in the ordinary elementary schools; mentally defective children are equally well provided for. As is usual in England we give our thought and energy most freely in those quarters from which the return is bound to be least. We love to plough the sand. In contrast with the generosity—and real economy—of the provision for defective children, certain Local Education Authorities are now declaring that their elementary schools are actually over-staffed, because they happen to employ in these schools a few more teachers than the absolute minimum which the Board of Education puts yearly—but does not enforce in detail—into its Code.

It is however easy to see that if defective schools are more liberally staffed than elementary schools, the latter ought to be better supplied with teachers than secondary schools, where the conditions of work are, on the whole, considerably better. Now the Board of Education limits secondary school classes to thirty-five, but in the elementary schools classes of more than twice that number are not rare; neither are they objected to by the Board of Education, which apparently sees nothing wrong in the existence of an overgrown class in one part of a school, provided that it is balanced by an under-sized class in another.

Surely it is time that the Government deprived skinflint authorities of shoddy excuses by revising its tariff of teachers.

I remain yours faithfully,
FRANK J. ADKINS.

P.S.—With regard to the paragraph about teachers in your article on Lord Milner's speech, may I point out that the adoption of the Board of Education's Bursary Scheme will greatly weaken and may even break up the "vicious circle" in which elementary teachers have hitherto tramped, provided always that the secondary schools at which these bursaries are tenable are of the right type?

M. SABATIER AND THE FRANCISCAN CONVENTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Livorno, 21 November, 1907.

SIR,—As M. Sabatier's letter in your issue of the 16th ult. begins with a reference to myself, would you allow me to explain exactly the part I have had in this matter? Finding that no reply appeared to the somewhat important question I put in a letter in the REVIEW of the 14th September, well knowing M. Sabatier to be the soul of courtesy I was quite sure that he had never seen my letter. So, seven weeks

later I sent him a cutting from the REVIEW, with the result I expected—a reply in your columns. He has delayed but a short while in replying, but gives a very curious reason for the delay. A number of people, he says, take delight in representing him as a person who deals in . . . inexactitudes, and why, he asks, deprive them of this pleasure? I really do not see what this sort of people can have to do with my plain question, or what object there could be in keeping your readers and me waiting ever so short a time on their account. His remark is enough to make some of the simpler sort think that he includes me among these singular intellectual revellers. Yet the only pleasure I have ever derived from M. Sabatier lies in his ascertained facts and discoveries, his fine editing, his rare scholarship, his powers of presentment, his charming style, his catching enthusiasm. As for such inexactitudes as I have observed or had pointed out to me—grave indeed are some of them—far from causing me pleasure, they have never caused me anything but regret.

You say in your note that this controversy is not yours. But neither is it mine. It is no controversy. M. Sabatier states a fact without giving names where names were most important. I write to ask for names. Almost as soon as he knows of my wish, he complies with it. Nothing could be less like controversy.

I regret to learn from him that the convents of Poggio Bustone and San Liberato are no longer inhabited by the friars. I had not known it. There must be some strong reason indeed to cause them to quit old and well-loved homes in which they might still freely abide. I trust I am not intruding into domestic affairs if I express the hope that some Franciscan in authority will tell us of the circumstances which compelled the Order to abandon these convents. I presume that all your readers fully understand that these two convents have been subjected to the general law of expropriation, and are now, "y compris leurs églises et les corps saints qu'elles renferment", the property not of the Church, but of either the "Demanio" or the Commune. The new landlord sometimes has views of Church property that do not well fit in with the old-fashioned ideas of the Church's tenants. For instance, at Volterra the Franciscan Convent of Saint Girolamo has been turned into the Female Pauper Lunatic Asylum. The small portion of the convent left to the Friars looks out on to the exercise-yard! They have hung on sturdily to the small corner of the building that once in a sense could be called their own, but who could blame them if they abandoned it? I can scarcely agree—here perhaps I introduce a slight note of controversy—I can scarcely agree that the Convents of Poggio Bustone and San Liberato can be numbered among "les plus glorieux pour les souvenirs"—the glories of San Liberato are purely inherited: the incidents recounted in the "Fioretti" took place at the Hermitage of Soffiano—but they are certainly convents of souvenirs sufficiently charming to make all men wish that they might be inhabited by the sons of Saint Francis for ever. So, too, I venture to think it misleading to speak of two convents in such a connexion as "quelques-uns". Where only two are concerned, "two" might surely have been said. Indeed I think M. Sabatier's whole phrase warranted us in expecting something bigger and something more, and I also think it implies a censure of the Order the justice of which it is still for him to prove.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

M. CARMICHAEL.

M. LEBAUDY AND THE PEKIN SYNDICATE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Pekin Syndicate Limited, 110 Cannon Street, E.C.,
5th December, 1907.

SIR,—I am desired by M. Lebaudy, who is in Paris, to say that there is no truth in the statement which appeared in your edition of the 30th ult. that he "has gone out" or is going to China on the business of the Syndicate. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

THOS. GILBERT, Secretary.

[We were misinformed, and regret that M. Lebaudy's name should have been mentioned.—ED. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

PROVENÇAL SONG.

"Memoirs of Mistral." Rendered into English by Constance Elizabeth Maud. London: Arnold. 1907. 12s. 6d. net.

THUS before the farmhouse Vincèn unfolded the things he knew; the glow came, and his black eyes flamed and the talk was full". In this way Vincèn won the heart of Mirèio in Mistral's greatest poem; he "unfolded the things he knew", and that is the strength of all epic poetry, the strength of Mistral himself, the "umble escoulan dou grand Oumèro".

Mistral was born in 1830, he produced "Mirèio" in 1859, and he still lives. Of his birth Lamartine said that he was born "like the men of Deucalion from a stone in the Crau" and to the Crau and the Camargue he has been faithful ever since. As a schoolboy at Avignon he had Roumanille for master, and then the project first entered his head of creating a Provençal literature, with a view to the general quickening of Provençal life. In 1854 the society called the Félibrige was founded, and from 1855 onward the Provençal Almanac has never ceased, a great achievement, but perhaps not the greatest, for one cannot be certain that the true object has been gained. "Cor cantan que pèr vautre, o pastre a gènt di mas". But what do "the shepherds and people of the farm" think? Is the portrait picture postcard or the book the more potent force? In this connexion one must confess that the most illiterate testimony from the most sunburnt villager of S. Rémy or Châteaurenard would have been more illuminating than the letter from President Roosevelt with which Miss Maud has decorated her preface.

The appeal of the Félibrige was without doubt first made to the country people of Provence; it is equally certain that the ground has since been shifted. There is a French translation on the opposite page of all Mistral's poems. That is a sign of an appeal to a wider public. Again, the language of Mistral is a literary, that is to say an artificial, language. No man speaks it, Mistral created it. The product of the researches, of which his vast dictionary, the "Tresor dou Félibrige", in 2361 pages, is the embodiment, it is as it were the cleansed instrument of speech, just too good to be spoken. This makes no difference to President Roosevelt or the Parisian or the Englishman, but it makes a great difference to the villagers who chatter in their countless dialects up and down the white roads of Provence. It means too that just as this Provençal literature began with Mistral, it will probably end with him.

Still, apart from what the modern Provençal thinks, and apart from the future of this great adventure, we have Mistral's poems and we have his memoirs, and the memoirs confirm the impression produced by the poems. There is the merry observation, the quickness of narrative, the fondling of detail, so conspicuous in the "Poem of the Rhone", the avoidance of what is complex. The Southerner does not care for analysis or problems. He speaks "the things he knows", and amid the mysteries his balance is surely maintained. Thus when Vincèn finds Mirèio dying in the chapel of the Saintes Maries he wonders whether at some time or other he has lit his pipe at a lamp in church.

There are many things pleasant to read in the memoirs: the complaint of the old fluteplayer Bènoni when on his death-bed—"Those idiots gave me a bell to ring but I made them fetch my flute, which answers far better. If I want anything I just play an air instead of calling or ringing"—and there is the account of how "as soon as the corn took on a shade of apricot a messenger went the round of the mountain villages blowing his horn and crying 'This is to give notice that the corn in Arles is ripening'". In the story of the journey to les Saintes Maries one sees the source of the "Camargue" canto in Mirèio. There is only one chapter amiss, and that is the chapter entitled "Made-moiselle Louise".

The memoirs end with the year 1859, but lest the reader should go away uninstructed in the poetry of

Mistral an appendix has been added with some of the poems of Mistral in the original and translations by Alma Strettell. There is not much relation between the two.

"Arise, arise renewed, O Latin race,
Beneath the great cope of thy golden sun."

That is not Mistral any more than Preston's couplets in his translation of "Mirèio" are Mistral:

"The little boat in Ardeloun's control
Parted the silent waters like a sole."

"Child of the merry sun, her dimpled face
Bloomed into laughter with ingenious grace."

It is somewhat as if for the lyrics of the "Merry Widow" one were offered a version of the same into the tragic iambics of Jebb. Because Mistral's language is not a language actually spoken, that does not mean that it is a language unspeakable. It is idiomatic, free and informal, with all the characteristics of a speech in currency. The versification is light. Heroic in any sense it is not. Let us turn to Chaucer, his account of the sailor of "Dertemouthe":

"The hoot sun had made his hew al broun
And certainly he was a good felawe.

Hardy he was and wys to undertake,
With many a tempest hadde his berd ben shake."

If the thing is to be done, is not this nearer the truth?

Miss Maud adds some footnotes. For the duplicate note on the "trees of liberty" and the somewhat vague note on "les Aliscamps", it might have been well to substitute a note on the meaning of that puzzling word "Félibrige". But good service has been done. To read about the man who knows so much about his country and feels so truly about it is a fine antidote to an English winter; refreshing too to get new knowledge about a literary revival so spontaneous, so free from the squalor of politics.

THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES.

"A Pocketful of Sixpences." By George W. E. Russell.
London: E. Grant Richards. 1907. 7s. 6d. net.

CONSIDERING Mr. G. W. E. Russell's appetite and aptitude for ecclesiastical warfare, it had been the most natural thing in the world for him to christen his latest volume of reprints, numbering forty papers save one, "The Thirty-nine Articles". But he has chosen instead to call them "A Pocketful of Sixpences", a cryptic title at first sight, explained by the motto on the first page as indicating the author's modest appreciation of the literary value of the collection. We can only accept it as an overhead average; sixpence, in our opinion, being as far inadequate a price for some of these papers as it is grossly exorbitant for others. We refer, of course, only to the literary quality of the essays. It is not good art to sandwich purely controversial matter between personal reminiscence and biographical sketches. For example: the merit of such an essay as that upon William Wilberforce is not to be reckoned in sixpences; it has the combined delicacy and precision of a well-cut cameo, presenting within very exiguous space portraiture more true and telling than a sculptor less deft might accomplish in a full-length statue. To pass from such a theme so handled to a piece of partisan journalism like "Ritualism and Disestablishment" gives one a disagreeable jar. Upon dialectic we would not spend a sixpence, nay, not so much as a brass farthing. It is surprising that one with Mr. Russell's literary flair should not perceive the infelicity of the mixture. Let him stick to reminiscence, anecdote and historical allusion, wherein he is delectable, having lived much among men of action, and being blessed with a good memory, a pretty gift of expression and a wide acquaintance with what is best in literature. We know few more agreeable writers than he in his proper

sphere, for he possesses that secret of style which he quotes Dean Church as explaining thus: "It has always seemed to me that thoughts brought their own words. . . . The great thing in writing is to know what you want and mean to say, and to say it in words that come as near to your meaning as you can get them to come." That is, be fully conscious of your meaning, and scarcely more conscious of your words and phrases than a builder is of his bricks and mortar.

And now, having expressed all that we think unkindly of Mr. Russell's "Pocketful", let us hasten to say how much enjoyment we have got from the book. There are plenty of good stories, and no chestnuts, among the sixpences; at least we do not recognise any. It would not be fair to pick the plums out of the pudding; yet it is difficult to describe the quality without presenting a sample. There is a profound and mournful moral in the following:

"What relation is Archdeacon Wilberforce to the old slave-dealer?" The question was put to me, in all good faith, by an intelligent curate who had just begun to study the Oxford Movement, and had become entangled among the Wilberforces—Robert Isaac, Henry and Samuel. *The old slave-dealer*. I italicise the words, because they so aptly illustrate the brevity and fallaciousness of fame."

They illustrate more than this; they show the numbing, confusing effect of heterogeneous intelligence stuffed upon the average brain by competitive half-penny papers with glaring headlines. Mr. Russell's "intelligent curate" was suffering from common mnemonic indigestion in a degree by no means extraordinary. Wait a few years longer and we are sure to hear Garibaldi quoted as the author of Metternich's description of Italy as "a geographical expression". By the by, how far off the paper headed "A Chivalrous Episode" seems now, full of the flame of enthusiasm which spread through liberty-talking England in 1860, resulting in the expedition of Colonel Peard's English Legion to the siege of Capua. It was a very flagrant breach of international etiquette, but Palmerston carefully looked the other way. England has none too many permanent friendships on the Continent: we don't hear much about entente cordiale with United Italy; but we once heard the Italian Ambassador at S. James' declare his belief that Italy was the only kingdom in Europe with which Great Britain had never made a treaty of peace, the necessity for one never having arisen. Recollection of the "Chivalrous Episode" of 1860 may serve for some time to come to lessen the probability of the only occasion for a treaty of peace—the close of a war.

Mr. Russell begins one of his fiery ecclesiastical articles with a reminiscence of delightful simplicity: "In my time at Oxford there was an awful form of religious examination called by the undergraduates 'Contexts'. Several fragments of Holy Writ were placed before us, and we were bidden to supply by memory the context in which each occurred. The result, though perhaps plausible, was seldom exact. [Text as proposed by examiner]: 'My punishment is greater than I can bear.' [Context as supplied by undergraduate]: 'This was said by Agag when he was hewn in pieces.'"

We are glad to receive Mr. Russell's testimony to the diminishing horrors of Bank Holiday: "Dr. Liddon, who often introduced into his sermons, as spoken, sarcastic touches which were not reproduced in print, once said when preaching under the Dome on the first Sunday in August: 'If S. Paul could rise from the grave and traverse the streets of London on the afternoon of a wet Bank Holiday, he would, I think, find occasion to modify his statement that they that be drunken be drunken in the night.' To-day the ground of that implied reproach is almost, if not altogether, removed. . . . The holiday-makers have learnt self-respect. They have emancipated themselves from the hoary superstition that in order to be merry it is necessary to be drunk." Fain would we believe that this opinion is based upon observation conducted north, as well as south, of Tweed, but in this we cannot profess to be sanguine. Mr. Russell writes English which it is a pleasure to read—matter for much thankfulness in these days. Sometimes he strikes us

as over-scrupulous, as when he apologises for the expression "for all it is worth" as "a modern vulgarism". Surely it is but a vigorous and lawful idiom, which can hardly be said of the author's allusion to Mr. John Morley as "so experienced a publicist"—a term which cannot be accepted without protest.

These papers bear the stamp of journalism, but it is journalism at its best.

THE MORAL OF JENA.

"**Napoleon's Conquest of Prussia, 1806.**" By F. Loraine Petre. London: John Lane. 1907. 12s. 6d. net.

READERS interested in military history will remember the appearance six years ago of Mr. Loraine Petre's history of the campaign of Eylau and Friedland—the second half of the Russo-Prussian war of 1806-7. Having appreciated its many merits, they will be glad to see that he has now moved backward to write the first half of that war—the Jena-Auerstädt campaign. The inversion in order of date of the appearance of the two books is less illogical than it seems. For all intents and purposes the two campaigns had no military connexion with each other. Their theatres were three hundred miles apart, and the combatants on the side of the allies were entirely different. The Prussian army had been so devastated in 1806 that it is doubtful whether so many as three thousand of the men who fought on the Elbe and the Saale escaped to renew the conflict on the Vistula and the Narew. There is little inconvenience in treating the two campaigns as separate units, and dealing with them in two separate monographs.

Mr. Petre's book is not one of the too frequent analyses or boilings-down of standard authorities which are written for cramming examinees, and are unreadable for any other purpose. It is a solid work of original research, which represents the results not only of the study of Hoepfner, Foucart, and Lettow-Vorbeck, but also of independent work at the French archives, and local information derived from careful walks over the Thuringian battlefields. Nor are his strategical chapters echoes either of the French or the Prussian official criticism. There is plenty of his own military comment, which always commands respect, and often demonstrates that the Continental writers' verdict requires revision. Altogether this is an excellent book, interesting enough to lure the general reader to an excursion into a purely military subject, but quite full and technical enough to satisfy the most serious student, who is set on arriving at tactical or strategical generalisations by the careful following of the daily movement of events.

It is generally conceded that the Jena-Auerstädt campaign was the most striking demonstration of the "Napoleonic methods". In all his long career of victory the Emperor never, before or after, succeeded in so thoroughly demolishing his enemy in such a short time. The Prussian army was not merely beaten but literally annihilated. The explanation that is generally given in military histories of the completeness of the success of the French arms—the fact that the Emperor delivered a flank attack against the lines of communication of an enemy who was unwittingly marching across his front—is not a sufficient explanation of his triumph. That he obtained this advantage is undeniable, but it did not necessarily involve the complete destruction of the Prussians. Nor is it enough to add that he was dealing with an army which had learnt nothing since the Seven Years' War, and was opposing him with antiquated tactics, and to a large extent with antiquated organisation. This also is true, and important, but it does not explain everything. The third main feature of the war, and one that Mr. Petre brings out in the most satisfactory fashion, is that the moral element told quite as heavily in favour of the French as the strategical or the tactical. The most notable feature of the war of 1806, when it is compared with Napoleon's struggles against Austrian, Russian, Spanish or other enemies, is the astounding lack of military energy, common patriotism, and intelligent self-reliance among his Prussian opponents.

Time after time it seemed as if the generals of Frederic William III. looked upon a campaign as a sort of military chess problem, in which it saved trouble for the weaker party, against whom the game was going, to resign, instead of fighting on when his case began to look hopeless. Blücher was absolutely the only officer in high command who refused to take this absurd view of the campaign, and struggled on to the last extremity, with the object of saving his military honour and detaining as many as possible of the enemy in his front for the longest possible time. It is astonishing to find that Blücher's colleague Kalkreuth tried to induce him to surrender on 16 October, when, as the event showed, it was perfectly possible to fight on for another three weeks—for the march to Lübeck did not end in final disaster till 7 November. What is to be said of officers who laid down their arms in cold blood, not because they could no longer resist but because they regarded ultimate success as impossible? Lecocq, governor of Hameln, for example, had twelve thousand men, a good fortress, and six months' provisions. Yet he surrendered to an inferior French force, which was observing rather than blockading him, merely because it had been demonstrated to him that the main army had been annihilated, and that there was no surviving friendly corps within two hundred miles of him. The case of Kleist, governor of Magdeburg, was quite as bad; he surrendered his enormous garrison of twenty-two thousand men to Ney, who had but seventeen thousand, before the enemy had opened any proper attack upon his fortress or made any attempt to breach it. The threat of a bombardment induced him to open his gates, while his walls were absolutely intact, and his storehouses full. Yet the crown of infamy goes to another officer, the governor of Stettin, who yielded his charge, which commanded an all-important bridge over the Oder, to the impudent summons of the commander of a brigade of light horse, who falsely declared that there were two army corps close behind him. Here the peculiar scandal of the case was not only that the loss of the bridge caused the surrender of some fragments of Hohenlöße's army, who were striving to reach it, but, still worse, that the governor, if he thought resistance impossible, still had it in his power to escape by the east bank of the Oder with his five thousand men, since he was well aware that the French had not a man as yet across the river.

In short, the main moral of the Jena campaign is none of those which we have cited above, but the simple axiom that an army is doomed to destruction where the majority of the officers in high command refuse to see that their primary duty is, in cases where they cannot hope for escape or success, to detain in front of themselves as large a force of the enemy as possible for as long a time as possible. If the Prussian governors had carried out this precept, instead of surrendering wholesale, when they judged that prompt relief was impossible, the succeeding campaign of Eylau would have assumed a wholly different aspect, since Napoleon could never have carried his army into Poland in November, and the Russian reserves would all have been on the spot, and ready to meet him, at the opening of the campaign.

NOVELS.

"**My Merry Rockhurst.**" By Agnes and Egerton Castle. London: Smith, Elder. 1907. 6s.

There are periods in English history to which one cannot welcome a novelist unless he come to them with proper qualifications and a serious intent. One of those periods, one forced from its more obvious dramatic qualities to suffer the attentions of so many incapable writers, is that of the Restoration. The constant exploitation of that obviousness is what makes a reader wearily resent every fresh reduction of its turbulent humanities to a court circle of gallantry and mistressing, as though the England that had just shaken itself free from the tyranny of Puritanism were adequately represented by the favourites of King Charles, or that the reaction from iconoclastic rectitude had spent itself altogether ignobly in the vaporous immoralities for which their lives were consumed. One

does not charge Mr. and Mrs. Castle with producing designedly such an impression, but it would be impossible for anyone reading their latest book who was ignorant of the period to arrive at any other. There is not a hint of the real life of the time, of that shamed disappointment in the outcome of its noble ambition, which, after the long years of struggle and misery, smouldered in the heart of Cromwell's men under the thin dream of loyalty through which they regarded his successor; while at the core of that daunted passion those influences were forming out of which modern England was to be made, that wider, deeper spirit of thought which was to sweep out the empty traditions and theories of feudalism and theology and make way for the new liberties of the mind. The authors may well object that it was beyond their desire to hint at any of these realities, that they intended only to amuse, and that with but the most superficial survey of the most superficial coterie that the time could show. But the mischief is that they do not amuse. By their choice they have condemned themselves to a sterility which is quite intolerable outside the theatre, and can there only be endured by the playgoer who is indifferent to any relation with life. To write with any profit even of the superficial in that dissolute circle about Charles II. is practically forbidden to the novelist by the convention of our time. One is far from saying that the best that can be done for it is to be found in such a compilation of incidents as "My Merry Rockhurst", but none of the essential morality which underlies all the appearances of evil can be extracted from it without offence to our more fastidious senses, and what is left, the mere unprofitable husks of sin, which are here served up to us in a twentieth-century dish, achieve neither a moral nor an artistic purpose. The authors have paid the penalty of working without reference to Nature. They have found it easier to handle purely theatrical types, and pure theatricality has been the inevitable outcome. Rockhurst is the saturnine stage hero whom no woman can resist, who ruins without heart or conscience all who come his way, but who cherishes the image of, apparently, the only honest woman he has met, "who shone like a star in his troubled sky . . . for the sake of one hour snatched sweet, pure, sacred, out of an unworthily spent life". Being a stage hero, that star has no effect on his voluptuous existence except to make him violently sentimental at intervals, an effect produced likewise by his son, for whom he is also represented as cherishing a sentimental passion which is equally inoperative as a stimulus to reform. He dies in the best stage manner, with a sword through his body, his hair whitened in a single night, rescuing from the stage villain the star-woman, with whom, unfortunately, he and his son Harry are both in love, who transfers in that moment, with a seasonable suddenness which almost shames the stage, her affections from the dying Rockhurst to his offspring. Yet Rockhurst is, with the exception, perhaps, of Diana, the least "stagey" of all the characters. Euguerrand de Joncelles, the French, and Lionel Ratcliffe, the English villain, Edward Hare, the country bumpkin, Paul Farrant, the raw youth about town, Madame de Mantes, the easy maid-in-waiting, Alicia Rockhurst, the gossiping housewife, are all seen by the same depressing artificial illumination when they are not smeared by the limelight. It is the more pity, for the authors can write good, strong, clear English, and can tell a story straight and effectively.

"Julian Reval: a Novel." By Philip Laurence Oliphant. London: Nash. 1907. 6s.

Mr. Oliphant has performed the remarkable feat of writing a novel about Russian revolutionaries which is alike interesting and unconventional. He is wise enough to keep the scene in Great Britain. An important part in the story is played by a Russian lady resident in London whose prototype, if we mistake not, exerted considerable influence upon English Liberalism not so very long ago. Here she utilises very diplomatically the emotions of a jealous woman. The central figure, a dreamy revolutionist, is given a pedigree very like that which was claimed by some of his friends for a recent writer on Russian affairs, now dead, and it is significant that the mysterious Julian

Reval publishes in English a book on Russia at the time of the Japanese war which had a booming success. But then Julian Reval is made to know his subject thoroughly. Apart from these aspects, which are sure to excite curiosity, the story is original, describing the decline and collapse of the weak idealist who, amid his dreams of reigning over a regenerated Russia, falls a victim to one of the most devilish women in recent fiction. The efforts of two friends to save him enable the author to sketch with success an attractive Scotch girl and a capital sailor.

"The Heart's Banishment." By Ella MacMahon. London: Chapman and Hall. 6s.

If we could believe that a hard-working ascetic priest, who labours in a parish near the London Docks, could develop, even in the rest of a country curacy, into a successful dramatist who writes two masterpieces which have long prosperous London runs, we should be more impressed by "The Heart's Banishment". There is great earnestness and spiritual fervour in Miss MacMahon's story, and some slight (very slight) knowledge of theatrical life, but we really find it too difficult to believe in the brilliance and immediate success of the curate, though we have no doubt that he was, in spite of a temporary aberration from his duty, a most excellent priest and worthy of his Tractarian grandfather.

NEW-COMERS AMONGST THE QUARTERLIES.

"The New Quarterly: a Review of Science and Literature." Edited by Desmond MacCarthy. London: Dent. November 1907. No. I. "The Oxford and Cambridge Review." Edited by Oswald B. Dawson. London: Constable. Michaelmas Term, 1907, No. II.

Turning over the pages of these two new intellectual reviews we are faintly reminded of the career of the "Home and Foreign Review" under the editorship of Sir John Acton. The very newest fashion of all—at Oxford—is to decry Acton as a sort of scholarly impostor, and as a quite ineffective figure. A youngish don or two will hold forth on this subject, and his little following of young ladies and gentlemen take him very gravely. Acton, they say, must have been an impostor. Those who wish to get a true view of Acton's amazing intellectual range as a young man should watch him at work with Simpson on his "Home and Foreign Review." The Abbot Gasquet's book, "Acton and his Circle," though not so lively as Mr. Herbert Paul's "Appreciation," really gives a much more intimate view of the man. The obscure and conscientious work which Acton put into the review was amazing. Most editors would think him a fool for his pains. The "Home and Foreign Review" probably sold no better and gained no additional kudos through Acton hunting up and supplying many of his writers with historical, literary, political, and ecclesiastical matter for their articles. It was too good for success: and so it perished after a short life, and has been utterly forgotten. A warning, this, to the editors of new reviews not to be too good! The "New Quarterly" apparently aims at giving people of taste and education, the ordinary "intellectual reader," by turns something that will exercise their intellects and something that will please their fancy. Thus the reader is given a thinking lesson to start with, Lord Rayleigh asking him "How do we perceive the Direction of Sound?" and then is allowed to enjoy half an hour over "The Fire" with Max. But lest Max be a little too easy and charming, the reader is handed over directly afterwards to Mr. Bertrand Russell, who treats of "The Study of Mathematics." Max between Lord Rayleigh and Mr. Russell is an amusing idea: and a little further on, as analogue, we have Mr. Strutt with his "Can we detect our Drift through Space?" sandwiched between Mr. Symons and Mr. Sturge Moore. It is pleasant to sit over the fire with Max, only we wish it were a wood fire. For reveries there is no fire like one of wood. Its exquisite little sounds, its flicker, its clean ash, and the ease with which it is fed and stimulated—these put the word "fire" far above the grosser thing made of coal which Max praises. Lord Rayleigh's article is not quite so severe as it threatens. Perhaps not every sentence is easy for the unscientific mind to follow, but the general idea can hardly be missed. By a series of simple but valuable and deeply interesting experiments Lord Rayleigh and Mr. Francis Galton—who acted as the corpus vile—were able to assure themselves that a person deaf in one ear cannot tell for certain from what direction a sound comes—the ear having for the purpose none of the exact and special focussing machinery of the eye. Hearing in both ears appears to be essential if a man blindfolded is to determine whence a sound comes. Lord Rayleigh shows in his article that sound

waves of a high pitch—that is, short waves—cannot get round the head. So there will be a more or less perfect region of sound shadow on the other side of the head. On the other hand he establishes that sounds of low pitch—long waves—will bend easily round a man's head. It needs a far greater wall than a head to pull them up short. The whole paper is of rare and curious interest. Mr. Symons writes some agreeable notes on Hood. We think he is right in his view of "Ruth": it is one of the best things Hood did, and has been overlooked by many makers of anthologies. He omits to mention Hood's sonnet on death, which is full of thought and beauty. The "Oxford and Cambridge Review" has some excellent articles, including one on "Captain John Smith's Travels," by Colonel Gordon McCabe. Smith had the genius of action in a great degree, though probably his genius ended there. Intellectually he belongs to a totally different class from that of the Clives and Raleighs of our history. Still it is strange that he should so long have been overlooked by a generation that is eager to celebrate heroes. "The Law's Delays," by Mr. John Pollock, and "More about Biometry," by Canon Lyttelton, are suggestive papers though slight. Canon Lyttelton frankly says he does not see how by weighing and measuring the schoolboy we shall come to solve the problem of the physically unfit and their reproduction; but he believes biometry none the less may yield useful information, and in any case "it is a united act of faith in the desirability of knowledge for its own sake". If we gather bald facts, our descendants may be able to make something of them. It is rather chilly encouragement for the eager biometer.

"The Law Magazine and Review." London: Jordan. 1907. 5s.

Time after time the appearance of one or other of the legal quarterlies makes us wonder why the articles do not deal with topics that are more closely connected with large public interests. There are legal reforms of a wide character needed in procedure and in the substance of civil and criminal law; many of them controversial no doubt; but for this very reason their discussion by writers with more leisure and learning than the writers of the ordinary press is all the more desirable. There is a touch of absurdity in the "Law Magazine" leading off with an article on the Law of Moses; and three other articles contain only matter which would be found by anyone consulting a text-book. Mr. Strahan's article on the Public Trustee is topical enough; but for English readers that on the Criminal Procedure and Summary Jurisdiction Bill in Scotland is neither practically nor theoretically interesting. The article on the International Law Association at Portland is a useful record; and the current notes on international law and notes on recent cases are more actual; but, as we have suggested, on the whole the dead hand is too obtrusive in this quarter's number of the "Law Magazine".

FRENCH REVIEWS OF ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

"Journal des Savants." Juin, Juillet, Août. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. each number.

On a subject which could have been made most highly interesting, viz. "Les Origines de l'Académie de France à Rome" M. J. Guiffrey has written an article which beats the record for dullness and insignificance. M. Th. Diehl's "L'illustration du psautier dans l'Art Byzantin" is an excellent review of Strzygowski's "Die Miniaturen des serbischen Psalters der Königl. Hof und Staatsbibliothek in München". "La fiscalité pontificale au XIV^e siècle", by M. E. Berger, is a strikingly interesting study on the very clever and at the same time stringent way in which the finances of the Avignon popes were managed. In "Un siècle d'études tibulliennes" M. Ph. Fabia criticises M. A. Cartault's recent book on the Corpus Tibullianum, and gives us an excellent vue d'ensemble on the present state of our knowledge concerning Tibullus and his works. The article is concluded in the number for July.

"Le comté d'Anjou au XI^e siècle", by M. A. Luchaire, is a useful contribution to the early history of the Middle Ages. M. L. Léger's "Un homme d'Etat russe du temps passé", concluded in the number for August, reviews an interesting biography of Count Paul Stroganov, by the Grand Duke Nicolas Mikailovitch. In "L'évolution d'une légende pieuse, La Santa Casa de Loreto" M. H. F. Delaborde comments on Canon Ulysse Chevalier's excellent book on the same subject, showing how the popular legend of the miraculous translation of the House of the Annunciation from Nazareth to Loreto originated and developed itself at a comparatively late date.

M. G. Darboux gives us a summary of the transactions of "La troisième Assemblée générale de l'Association internationale des Académies". "Les manuscrits de la bibliothèque de M. Pierpont Morgan", and the truly splendid publication devoted to them by their owner, are reviewed by M. Léopold Delisle, who pays a deserved tribute to Mr. Morgan for his liberality in communicating his art-treasures to the learned

world. M. G. Michaut's "La doctrine et l'école de l'Art pour l'art" is a contribution, but a rather confused and vague one, to the history of French literature during the middle period of last century.

"Revue Archéologique." Mai-Juin, Juillet-Août, 1907. Paris: Leroux. 6 fr. each double number.

M. Salomon Reinach gives us an interesting account of the discovery in 1876 or 1877, near Le Mas d'Agenais, of the beautiful antique marble statue known as "La Vénus d'Agen". "Essai sur les vases de style cyrénéen", by M. Ch. Dugas, is the first part of a scholarly and complete monograph of one of the most characteristic and original classes of early Greek vases, with numerous illustrations by M. H. Laurent. M. Maurice Hénault continues "Les Marmion" and M. A. J. Reinach "L'origine du pilum". "Recherches sur les proportions dans la statuaire française du XII^e siècle", by M. Jean Laran, is a piece of technical criticism which will prove of great use to students of early French art.

In "L'architecture des Abbassides au IX^e siècle", Général de Beylié summarises his "voyage archéologique à Samara", which has had the all-important result of supplying us with the missing link between preislamic and islamic art in Persia. The terrible loss sustained by art and archaeology through the recent death of Professor Furtwängler, fallen a martyr to science at the very moment when he was resuming his work at Aegina, throws a veil of deep melancholy on his short note "Sur la Pséluméné de Praxitèle", his last contribution to the history of Art, in which he denounces as a modern work the Venus Montefalco, now in America. M. Henri Frère gives us very interesting details "Sur le culte de Cælestis", the romanised form of the Phœnician goddess Tanit. Messrs. Ch. Dugas and R. Laurent continue their excellent "Essai sur les vases de style cyrénéen". The hypothesis put forward by M. Salomon Reinach in "Aetos Prométhée" as to Prometheus and the eagle being "à l'origine, une seule et même conception", is ingenious, but far from convincing: the author's arguments seem very superficial, and some of them are simply preposterous as based on wrong or forced interpretations of the texts he quotes: this is specially the case for Pindar and Æschylus. M. Herbert P. Horne introduces, in very indifferent English, "An account of Rome in 1450", being part of a manuscript by Giovanni Ruccellai in the possession of Lord Westbury, already published in the "Archivio della società romana di storia patria", t. iv. 1881, p. 563 ff. "Le fragment sur l'Acropole de la Bibliothèque Nationale, fonds grec, 1631 A", attributed till now to the fifteenth or sixteenth century, dates, according to M. J. Psichari, from the year 1670. M. Seymour de Ricci gives an ingenious and plausible interpretation of a very late "Groupe en marbre de la collection Dattari". M. Maurice Hénault continues "Les Marmion" and M. A. J. Reinach "L'origine du pilum".

"Gazette des Beaux-Arts." Juin, Juillet, Août. Paris: 8 rue Favart. 7.50 fr. each number.

M. André Pératé concludes "Les Salons de 1907" and M. Camille Conderc "Exposition de portraits peints et dessinés à la Bibliothèque Nationale: les Manuscrits". "Erasme chez Catherine de Médicis à Chantilly", by M. E. Moreau-Nélaton, is an extremely interesting notice on the celebrated sixteenth-century historic portrait drawings at the Musée Condé, Chantilly, the greater part of which were bought by the Duc d'Aumale from the Earl of Carlisle; through the inscriptions which the drawings bear the author traces the collection to Queen Catherine of Medicis, whose handwriting and peculiar spelling are easily recognisable in many of these inscriptions. M. C. Gabillot contributes a good study on "Les Portraits de Ronsard", of which only very few are extant.

M. Adolfo Venturi introduces "Une œuvre inconnue de Botticelli": the attribution to Botticelli seems at least doubtful. M. Paul Desjardins gives us the second part of his excellent study on "Eugène Carrière", concluded in the number for August, whilst M. François Courboin concludes his beautifully illustrated notice on "Exposition de portraits peints et dessinés à la Bibliothèque Nationale: les portraits dessinés", and M. André Pératé his review of "Les Salons de 1907". "Les Artistes lyonnais", by M. Alphonse Germain (concluded in the number for August), is an excellent local monograph.

M. Maurice Fourneau criticises "L'Exposition Chardin-Fragonard", lately held at the Galerie Georges-Petit. With his usual skill and competence M. Emile Bertaux throws full light on the authors—Ferrando Yañez de l'Almedina and Ferrando de Llanos—of the most remarkable, perhaps (but very little known) ensemble of sixteenth-century pictures which Spain contains—viz. "Le retable monumental de la Cathédrale de Valence". M. Emile Michel studies "Un portrait du père de Rembrandt au Brésil", a very fine picture lately presented by M. J. Dias Carneiro to the Rio Janeiro Museum. "Une collection d'objets en bois sculpté attribués à Bagard", the property of Mme. Waldeck-Rousseau, lent by her to the Musée des Arts décoratifs, is reviewed by M. Léon Deshairs.

"La Revue de l'Art Ancien et Moderne." Juin, Juillet, Août. Paris: 28 rue du Mont-Thabor. 7.50 fr. each number.

M. Henri Marcel's notice on "L'Exposition de portraits, peints et dessinés du XIII^e au XVII^e siècle à la Bibliothèque nationale" is excellent, and magnificently illustrated. M. Paul Alfassa has in his turn a few words to say "Sur Eugène Carrière", and M. Emile Michel concludes "Au pays de Giorgione et de Titien". In the second notice on "Les Salons de 1907" M. Pascal reviews "L'Architecture" and M. Raymond Bonyer "La Peinture (II.)" and "La Sculpture".

In an article which is a model of its kind M. Maspéro introduces to the artistic and scientific world one of the most exquisite pieces of sculpture yielded as yet by the seemingly inexhaustible soil of Egypt—viz. "La Vache de Deir-el-Bahari", discovered by M. Naville during February 1906 in its own original chapel. M. Pierre de Nolhac elucidates "Deux questions sur Fragonard", and M. Raymond Cox studies "Les plus anciens tissus musulmans". A very fine engraving by M. Max Bugnicourt is given as extra plate, with a short notice by M. André Girodie. M. F. de Mély tries once more to elucidate the problem of the authorship of the miniatures in "Les Très-riches Heures du duc de Berry" at Chantilly. "Les Salons de 1907" is concluded with "Les Arts décoratifs" by M. Henri Havard, "La Gravure en médailles et en pierres fines" by M. E. Babelon, and "La Gravure" by M. Emile Dacier.

M. Emile Male points out "Les Influences du drame liturgique sur la sculpture romane", M. Jean Guiffrey reviews "L'Exposition Chardin-Fragonard", and M. Emile Bertaux continues "Les Primitifs espagnols". "L'Art à Madagascar", by MM. Marius and Ary Leblond, gives us some more notions on the aesthetics of uncivilised peoples. M. Paul Perdrizet's "La Chasse à la chouette, contribution à l'histoire de la peinture satirique", is an interesting study on folklore in art.

"L'Art et les Artistes." Juin, Juillet, Août. Paris: Pierre Lafitte et Cie. 1.50 fr. each number.

The June number is almost wholly devoted to Chardin and Fragonard, whom the able-editor, M. Armand Dayot, studies in two excellent articles. M. Maurice Guillemot reviews "Le Salon des Artistes français".

The great French painter Chassériau, who died in 1856 at the age of thirty-seven—on the very threshold of immortality—forms the object of a good monograph by M. Léandre Vaillat. M. Louis Vauxcelles takes us "A travers les ateliers d'artistes, chez Bernard Naudin", and M. William Ritter introduces "Un Paysagiste castillan: Don Aureliano De Beruete".

"La Collection David Weill", mainly composed of works of the eighteenth century selected with great taste, is reviewed by M. Charles Morice, and M. Marcel Mirlil contributes "Histoire de deux tableaux de Th. Couture", viz. "Le départ des volontaires" and "Le baptême du Prince Impérial". "L'œuvre de Renoir" forms the subject of an interesting article by M. Georges Lecomte, whilst the painter Desfriches (1715-1800) is studied by M. Léandre Vaillat.

"Art et Décoration." Juin, Juillet, Août. Paris: Librairie Centrale des Beaux-Arts. 2 fr. each number.

M. P. Verneuil devotes a short notice, with charming illustrations, to "Annie French", a Scotch lady-artist of great originality. "La sculpture aux Salons" is reviewed by M. Jean Laran, and "L'Art décoratif au Salon des Artistes français" by M. P. Verneuil.

(Continued on page 706.)

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"Maurice Denis", of whom M. Adrien Mithouard gives us a monograph, is undoubtedly one of the most sincere and original of living French painters. M. Eugène Grasset contributes a good lecture on "Stylisation. Etude sur les Arts modernes", and M. Emile Sedeyn reports on "La Porcelaine au Musée Galliera".

"Les Grandes Tentures exécutées à la Manufacture des Gobelins depuis le début du XIX^e siècle" are reviewed by M. Jules Guiffrey, the actual director of the manufacture. M. P. Verneuil analyses the "Maisons et jardins de Baillie Scott", and M. Etienne Avenard has an interesting article on the "Exposition d'Art français à Krefeld". "L'Exposition de l'Œuvre d'Eugène Carrière" is reviewed by M. François Monod.

"Les Arts." Juin, Juillet, Août. Paris: 24 Boulevard des Italiens. 2 fr. each number.

These three numbers are as fine as usual. In the one for June M. Charles Saunier reviews "Les Salons de 1907: Société des Artistes français", and M. Louis Vauxcelles the exhibition of "Portraits de femmes à Bagatelle", whilst M. Charles N. Robinson contributes a controversial study on Raphael's Madonna dei Candelabri.

The July number is nearly filled up by Baron Joseph Du Teil's extremely interesting notice of the collection of early nineteenth-century pictures left by the celebrated lawyer Chaix d'Est-Ange. M. Pierre de Nolhac devotes a charming article to "Fragonard et Chardin".

Works by modern Dutch and French painters, all extremely well chosen, form the bulk of M. van Randwijk's collection at the Hague, which M. de Boer introduces to the public in the number for August, with fine reproductions of some of the best pieces.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Décembre.

M. Augustin Filon has a clever though brief analysis of Sir Clements Markham's monograph on Richard III. He says, with much good sense, that if Richard had succeeded to a throne by right he would have been neither better nor worse than Henry VIII. or Louis XI. He would have governed like them, relying on the powerful class of the time, the bourgeois, and would have crushed the nobility. Unfortunately for his reputation he had but two years to work at his trade of king, which were filled by constant struggles against plots and sedition. He passed one good law, that was all. He remains, in fact, merely a tyrant like a score of others.

For this Week's Books see page 708.

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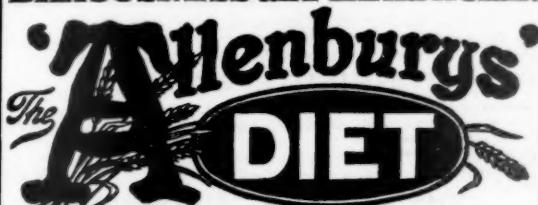
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